

Frontispiece.



S. Wale delin.

C. Brignion sculp.

Poeta
P O E M S

ON

1162. f. 21.

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

Nec luisse pudet ; sed non incidere ludum.

HORAT.

By the Author of the Life of SOCRATES.

[*Cooper*]



L O N D O N :

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THE
EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE following Poems having been very favorably received by the Public when they first appeared, at different times, in detached pieces, the Author has been prevailed upon to permit me to collect them into this small volume.

When I requested him to give me a preface, he replied, "That to those whom
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EPISTLES

TO HIS

FRIENDS IN TOWN,

FROM

ARISTIPPUS

IN

RETIREMENT.

LETTERS

TO HIS

FRIENDS IN TOWN,

FROM

ARISTIPPUS

IN

RETIREMENT.

THE
RETREAT
OF
ARISTIPPUS.
EPISTLE I.

TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF *****

*Je vous livre mes rêveries
Que quelques vérités hardies,
Viennent librement mêlanger. GRESSET.*

THE DUKE OF
TO HIS GRACE
EPISTLE
ARISTIPPUS
OF
RETRACT
THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE
RETREAT
OF
ARISTIPPUS.
EPISTLE
TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF *****

SEIZ'D with the rage of being great
In courts, my lord, let others lead
(Exchanging happiness for state,)
The croud of tinsel'd slaves, who tread
The miry ministerial road
To modern HONOR's dark abode,
Where dwell th' *high* vulgar of the town,
Which ENGLAND's common courtesy

To make bad fellowship go down,
 Politely calls *good company*.
 Remote from politics and strife,
 From the dull sons of bus'ness free,
 Unfetter'd by domestic life,
 To letter'd ease a votary,
 I spend alternately my hours
 'Twixt EPICURUS' myrtle bow'rs
 And ACADEMUS' palmy grove,
 Happy, from SEINE's meandring shores,
 Where polish'd pleasures ever rove,
 The *first* to bring the THESPIAN maids,
 To play to SCIENCE and to LOVE
 On CYPRIAN pipes in BRITISH shades.

No Levées here attend his Grace,
 My-lording ev'ry morn an ass,
 Nor office-clerks with busy face,
 To make fools wonder as they pass,
 Whisper dull nothings in his ear,
 'Bout some rogue borough-monger there.
 The well-bred insipidity
 Of town assemblies ne'er is heard,
 And candidates for prelacy,
 That sable, supple, bowing herd,
 This silent territory fly;
 For bishopricks are seldom found

In realms of scientific ground,
 No doctor's medicinal wig,
 No titled beggar's suppliant knee,
 No alderman with knighthood big
 And newly purchas'd pedigree,
 No vultures of the human race
 From TEMPLE or from LINCOLN'S-INN,
 No pseudo-patriot out of place,
 Nor venal senator that's in,
 Disturb this amiable retreat :
 Only a MUSE, a LOVE, or GRACE,
 In this calm senate have a seat.
 Such representatives are free.
 No MUSE has lately been at court,
 Nor are the GRACES better for't ;
 Nor have the LOVES septennially,
 A borough-int'rest to support,
 Mortgag'd their healths or property.

LED by unerring NATURE's voice,
 I haunt retirement's silent shade,
 Contentment's humble lot and choice,
 Where on the mossy sofa laid,
 I see, thro' contemplation's eye,
 The white-wing'd cherub innocence,
 Each blessing of her native sky
 To sympathetic hearts dispense.

Here, undebauch'd by spurious Arts,
 Great NATURE reigns in ev'ry part,
 Both when refulgent TITAN's beam
 In high meridian splendor glows,
 And when pale CYNTHIA's maiden gleam
 O'er night a silver mantle throws.
 The natives of the neighb'ring grove
 Their nuptials chaunt on vernal sprays;
 Untaught by OVID how to love,
 True passion modulates their lays,
 From no PROPERTIUS' polish'd strain,
 The linnet forms her temp'rate note;
 From no TIBULLUS learns to plain
 The widow'd turtle's faithful throat.
 Each feather'd libertine of air,
 Gay as CATULLUS, loves and sings;
 Free as the TEIAN sage from care,
 The goldfinch claps his gilded wings,
 And woos his female to repair
 To shady groves and crystal springs.
 Here blest'd with freedom and content,
 Untaught by devious thought to stray
 Thro' fancy's visionary way,
 These silvan bards of sentiment
 Warble the dictates of the heart,
 Uninterrupted as they flow,

Unmeasur'd by the rules of art,
Now strongly high now sweetly low.

SUCH scenes the good have ever lov'd,
The great have fought, the wise approv'd,
Here legislators plann'd of old
The pandects of immortal laws;
And mighty chiefs and heroes bold,
Withdrawn from popular applause,
First having left their countries free
From savage and from human pests,
Gain'd a more glorious victory
O'er the fierce tyrants of their breasts.

METHINKS, I hear some courtier say,
" Such charms ideal ill agree
" With moderniz'd gentility;
" For now the witty, great, and gay,
" Think what so charms your *rural* sense,
" Only a clown's fit residence.
" In former days a country life,
" For so time-honour'd poets sing,
" Free from anxiety and strife,
" Was blandish'd by perpetual spring.
" There the sweet GRACES kept their court,
" The NYMPHS, the FAUNS, and DRYADS play'd,
" Thither the MUSES would resort,
" APOLLO lov'd the sylvan shade,

" The

- " The GODS and HEROES own'd a passion
" For wives and daughters of the swains,
" And HEROINES, whilst *'twas the fashion*,
" Ridotto'd on the rural plains.
" The 'squires were then of heav'nly race,
" The parsons fashionable too,
" Young HERMES had at court a place,
" VENUS and MARS were *folks one knew*.
" But long long since those times are o'er,
" No Goddess trips it o'er the lea,
" The Gods and Heroes are no more,
" Who danc'd to rural minstrelsy.
" Detested are these sad abodes
" By modern dames of mortal make,
" And peers, who rank not with such Gods,
" Their solitary seats forsake.
" For now 'tis quite another case,
" The country wears a different face.
" When sometimes, (oh! the cruel Lent!)
" Thither her ladyship is sent,
" As SOL thro' TAURUS mounts the sky,
" Or GEORGE prorogues his parliament,
" Her beauteous bosom heaves a sigh,
" Five months in rustic banishment.
" Thither, alas! no viscounts rove,
" Nor heart-bewitching col'nels come,

" Dull

- " Dull is the musick of the grove,
 " Unheeded fades the meadow's bloom.
 " The verdant copse may *take* the birds,
 " The breath of morn and evening's dew
 " To bleating flocks and lowing herds
 " Be pleasant and be wholesome too;
 " But how can these ('tis out of nature)
 " Have charms for any human creature!

SUCH are the sentiments, I own,
 Of all that lazy loitering race,
 From daily ushers to his GRACE,
 Who never leave the guilty town;
 But in the purlieus of the court,
 By knaves are spaniel'd up and down,
 To fetch and carry each report.

FAR other images arise
 To those who inward turn their eyes
 To view th' inhabitants of *Mind*;
 Where solitude's calm vot'ries find
 Of knowledge th' inexhausted prize;
 And truth, immortal truth bestows,
 Clad in ætherial robes of light,
 Pure as the flakes of falling snows,
 Un-envied un-reprov'd delight.

ON me, my lord, on humble me
 The *intellectual* train attends;

SCIENCE oft seeks my company,
And FANCY's children are my friends.
Here blest'd with independent ease,
I look with pity on the great,
For who, that, with enjoyment sees
The LAUGHS and GRACES at his gate,
And little LOVES attending nigh,
Or fondly hov'ring o'er his head,
To wing his orders thro' the sky,
Whilst warbling MUSES round him shed
Sweet flow'rs, which on PARNASSUS blow,
Would wish those thorny paths to tread,
Which slaves and courtiers only know.

THANKS to my ancestors and heav'n,
To me the happier lot is giv'n,
In calm retreat my time to spend
With far far better company,
Than those who on the court attend
In *honorable* drudgery.
Warriors and statesmen of old ROME
Duly observe my levée-day,
And wits from polish'd ATHENS come,
Occasional devoirs to pay.
With me great PLATO often holds
Discourse upon immortal pow'rs,
And ATTIC XENOPHON unfolds

Rich

Rich honey from LYCÉUM's flow'rs;
CÆSAR and TULLY often dine,
ANACREON rambles in my grove,
Sweet HORACE drinks FALERNIAN wine,
CATULLUS makes on haycocks love.
With these, and some a-kin to these,
The living few who grace our days,
I live in literary ease,
My chief delight their taste to please
With soft and unaffected lays.
Thus, to each vot'ry's wish, kind fate
Divides the world with equal line,
She bids ambition, care, and state,
Be the high portion of the great,
Peace, friendship, love, and bliss be mine.

THE END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

THE

Rich Boney from Ivesbury's bow,
Cesar and Tully often dine,
Anacreon rambles in my grove,
Sweet Horace drinks my Rhenish wine,
Cicero makes on my rocks love,
With me, and some a kin to me,
The living few who grace our days,
I live in literary ease,
My chief delight their ease to please,
With soft and untroubled joys,
Thus, to each virtue's wish, kind fate
Divides the world with equal line,
She bids ambition, care, and hate,
Be the high portion of the great,
Peace, friendship, love, and bliss be mine,
The End of the First Part

THE
TEMPER
OF
ARISTIPPUS.
EPISTLE II.

TO LADY * * * * *

Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas deferor hospes.

HORAT.

THE
TEMPER

OF

ARISTIPPUS

EPISTLES

TO LADY *****

AND AN EPIGRAM
MORAL.

THE FIRST EPISTLE
 OF
 A R I S T I P P U S
 E P I S T L E
 T O L A D Y

I'VE oft, MELISSA, heard you say,
 " The world observes I never wear
 " An aspect gloomy or severe,
 " That, constitutionally gay,
 " Whether dark clouds obscure the sky,
 " Or PHOEBUS gilds the face of day,
 " In pleasure's true philosophy
 " I pass the winged years away."
 IN most, 'tis true, the human sense
 Is subjected to smiles, or tears,
 To

To swelling pride, or trembling fears,

"By ev'ry skyey influence."

Cameleon-like their souls agree

With all they hear and all they see,

Or, as one instrument resounds,

Another's unison of sounds,

Their mutable complexions carry

The looks of anger, hope, and joy;

Just as the scenes around 'em vary,

Pleasures delight, or pains annoy.

But I, by philosophic mood,

Let the wise call it happy folly,

Educe from ev'ry evil good,

And rapture e'en from melancholy.

When in the silent midnight grove,

Sweet PHILOMELA swells her throat

With tremulous and plaintive note,

Expressive of disast'rous love,

I with the PENSIVE PLEASURES dwell,

And in their calm sequester'd celly

Listen with rapturous delight

To the soft songster of the night.

Here ECHO, in her mossy cave,

Symphonious to the love-lorn song,

Warbles the vocal rocks among,

Whilst gently-trickling waters lave

The oak-fring'd mountain's hoary brow,
Whose streams, united in the vale,
O'er pebbled beds loquacious flow,
Tun'd to the sad melodious tale
In murmurs querulously flow.
And, whilst immers'd in thought I lie,
From ages past and realms unseen,
There moves before the mental eye
The pleasing melancholy scene
Of nymphs and youths unfortunate,
Whose fame shall spread from shore to shore,
Preserv'd by bards from death and fate,
Till time itself shall be no more.

THUS, not by black misanthropy
Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;
But when, by chance or humour led,
My wand'ring feet those regions tread,
Taught by philosophy so sweet
To shun the fellowship of care,
Far from the world I go to meet
Such pleasures as inhabit there.

WITH rebel-will I ne'er oppose
The current of my destiny,
But, pliant as the torrent flows,
Receive my course implicitly.
As, from some shaded river's side

If chance a tender † offer's blown,
 Subject to the controuling tide,
 Th' obedient shrub is carried down,
 Awhile it floats upon the streams,
 By whirlpools now is forc'd below,
 Then mounts again where TITAN's beams
 Upon the shining waters glow.
 Sweet flow'ry vales it passes by,
 Cities, and solitudes by turns,
 Or where a dreary desert burns
 In sorrowful obscurity.
 For many a league the wanderer's borne,
 By forest, wood, mead, mountain, plain,
 'Till, carried never to return,
 'Tis buried in the boundless main.
 Thus ARISTIPPUS forms his plan;
 To ev'ry change of times and fates
 His temper he accommodates;
 Not where he will, but where he can,
 A daily bliss he celebrates.
 An offer on the stream of time,
 This philosophic wanderer
 Floating thro' ev'ry place and clime,
 Finds some peculiar blessing there.

† See the *Chartreuse of Chartres* from whence this passage
 is imitated, but the subsequent particular application to
 ARISTIPPUS is this author's.

Where e'er the winding current strays
By prosp'rous mount or adverse plain,
He'll sport, till all his jocund days
Are lost in life's *eternal* main.

LET worldlings hunt for happiness
With pain, anxiety and strife,
'Thro' ev'ry thorny path of life,
And ne'er th' ideal fair possess !
For who, alas ! their passions send
The fleeting image to pursue,
Themselves their own designs undo,
And in the means destroy the end !
But I a surer clue have found,
To guide me o'er the mazey ground ;
For knowing that this DEITY
Must ever rove at liberty
Thro' FANCY's visionary road,
I never wisdom's schemes employ
To find her in one fix'd abode,
But where I meet her I enjoy ;
And being free from strife and care,
Am sure to meet her ev'ry where.

THE END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

Where'er the winding current flows
By profuse mount or verdant plain,
He'll sport, and all his senses loose
And lost in life's eternal main.
Let's not, however, in our youth
Waste away our days in idle
Tossing every thorny path of life,
And make the world our prison;
For who can, in their youthful days,
The future change resist?
Themselves their own hell-gates undo,
And in the narrow future find
But a few hours of life,
To guide me o'er the narrow ground,
For knowing that the Day
Must ever come, I
Take Fancy's visionary road,
I meet wisdom's solemn counsel,
To find her in one's self alone,
But where I meet her I enjoy
And bring her from that and there,
Am sure to meet her every where.

The End of the Second Part.

THE
A P O L O G Y
O F
A R I S T I P P U S.
E P I S T L E III.

To * * * * * Esq.

*D'autres font des vers par étude
J'en fais pour me desennuyer.* GRESSET.

THE
APOLOGY

OF
ARISTIPPUS

EPISTLE III.

To ***** Esq.

Dantes sent his son for a
Jesuit from me. Gressat.



THE
A P O L O G Y
O F
A R I S T I P P U S.
E P I S T L E III.

To ***** Esq.

SHOULD supercilious censors say,
“ His youth is waining, 'tis not time

“ For ARISTIPPUS now with rhyme

“ To while the useless hours away,”

I might reply, I do no more

Than what my betters did before ;

That what at first my fancy led

This idle business to pursue,

Still makes me prosecute the trade,
Because *I've nothing else to do*;
But to the candid, Tom, and you,
A better reason I could give,
To whom a better reason's due,
That in these measures I convey
My gentle precepts, how to live,
Clearer than any other way.
For in the pow'rs of poetry,
Wit, truth, and pleasure blended lie.
As, in ITALIA's fertile vales,
On the *same* tree, *whilst* blossoms blow,
The ripen'd fruits nectareous grow,
Fed by warm suns and fresh'ning gales.
Divineſt art to mortals giv'n!
By thee, the brave, the good, the wise,
The fair, the learn'd, and witty, rise
From earth's dull ſod, and people heav'n.
Nor be't to thee imputed blame,
That ever-barking calumny,
And filthy-mouth'd obſcenity,
Have oft uſurp'd thy injur'd name!
Alas! the drops which MORNING ſheds
With dewy fingers on the meads,
The pink's and vi'let's tubes to fill,
Alike the noxious juices feed

Of deadly hemlock's pois'nous weed,
And give 'em fatal pow' er to kill!

IMAGINATION loves to trace
REASON's immortal lineaments
In FICTION's necromantic face,
When PROBABILITY assents.
The fairest features FICTION wears,
When most like TRUTH th' inchantress looks,
As sweet NARCISSA's shade appears,
In silent lakes and crystal brooks,
So like the life, we scarcely know
Where last to fix our wav'ring love,
Whether upon the form below,
Or on the real nymph above.
In each we see an angel's face,
Tho' for the *substance* breathe our sighs,
Whilst we the shadowy image trace
In the clear wave with longing eyes.

BUT should you ask me, why I choose,
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood
Th' inhabitants of PINDUS' wood,
The least considerable muse.
The vi'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.

Let the loud **EPIC** sound th' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung
From some immortal ancestry,
Clad in impenetrable arms
By **VULCAN** forg'd, my lyre is strung
With softer chords; my **MUSE** more free
Wanders thro' **PINDUS'** humbler ways
In amiable simplicity:
Unstudy'd are her artless lays,
She asks no laurel for her brows;
Careless of censure or of praise,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happiness than fame
To the proud bay prefers the rose,
Nor barter pleasure for a name.
On **NATURE's** lap reclin'd at ease,
I listen to her heav'nly tongue,
From her derive the pow'r to please,
From her receive th' harmonious time,
And what the goddess makes my song
In unpremeditated rhyme
Mellifluous flows, whilst young **DESIRE**,
Cull'd from th' **ELYSIAN** bloom of spring,
Strews flow'rs immortal round my lyre,
And **FANCY's** sportive children bring,
From blossom'd grove and lili'd mead,

Fresh

Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head,
The most, tho' softest of the Nine,
EUTERPE, muse of gaiety
Queen of heart-soft'ning melody,
Allures my ear with notes divine.
In my retreat EUTERPE plays,
Where SCIENCE, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd listens to her lays
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.

THIS pleasing territory lies
Unvisited by common eyes,
Far from the prude's affected spleen,
Or bigot's surly godliness,
Where no coquettes, no jilts are seen,
Nor folly-fetter'd sops of dress;
Far from the vulgar high and low,
The pension'd great man's littleness;
Or those, who, prone to slav'ry, grow
Fit tools of others tyranny.
And, with a blind devotion, bow
To wooden blocks of quality;
Far from the land of ARGUMENT,
Where deep within their murky cells,
† FIGURES and bloated TROPES are pent,
And three-legg'd SYLLOGISM dwells;

B 4

F 4

† See Les Ombres of GRESSET.

Far from the bubble-blowing race,
 The school-men subtle and refin'd,
 Who fill the thick skull's brainless space,
 With puffs of *theologic* wind;
 And all the grave pedantic train,
 Which fairy GENIUS longs to bind
 Hard with a comment's iron chain.
 But, whilst such drones are driv'n away,
 In my belov'd retreat remain
 The fair, the witty, and the gay.

HERE the soft patriarch of the Loves,
 Honey'd ANACREON, with the doves
 Of VENUS flutt'ring o'er his head,
 (Whilst ivy-crowned HOURS around
 The laughter-loving GRACES lead
 In sportive ringlets to the sound
 Of PAPHIAN flutes) the MUSE invites
 To festive days and am'rous nights.
 Here tender MOSCUS loves to rove
 Along the meadow's daisied side,
 Under a cool and silent grove
 Where brooks of dimpling waters glide.
 Rapt in celestial extasy
 SAPPHO, whom all the NINE inspire,
 Varies her am'rous melody,
 The chords of whose IDALIAN lyre,

As changeful passions ebb or flow,
Struck with bold hand now vibrate high,
Now, modulated to a sigh,
Tremble most languishingly low.

HORACE, mild sage, refin'd with ease,
Whose precepts, whilst they counsel, please,
Without the jargon of the schools
And fur-gown'd pedant's bookish rules,
Here keeps his lov'd academy;
His art so nicely he conceals,
That wisdom on the bosom steals,
And men grow good insensibly.
From cool VALCLUSA's lili'd meads
Soft PETRARCH and his LAURA come,
And e'en great TASSO sometimes treads
These flow'ry walks, and culls the bloom
Of rural groves, where heretofore
Each MUSE, each GRACE, beneath the shade
Of myrtle bow'rs, in secret play'd
With an IDALIAN paramour.
From silver SEINE's transparent streams,
With roses and with lilies crown'd,
Breathing the same heart-easing themes,
And tun'd in amicable sound,
Sweet bards, of kindred spirit, blow
Soft LYDIAN notes on GALLIC reeds,

Whose songs instruct us how to know
Truth's flow'rs from affectation's weeds.

CHAPELLE leads up the festive band ;

LA FARRE and CHAULIEU, hand in hand,

Close follow their poetic line,

Hot with the TEIAN grape and fire.

But hark ! as sweet as western wind

Breathes from the v'iler's fragrant beds,

When balmy dew's AURORA sheds,

GRESSET's clear pipe, distinct behind,

Symphoniously combines in one

Each former bard's mellifluous tone.

GRESSET ! in whose harmonious verse

The INDIAN bird shall never die,

Tho' death may perch on VER-VERT's hearse,

Fame's tongue immortal shall rehearse

His variable loquacity.

Nor wanting are there bards of THAMES,

On rural reed young SURRY plays,

And WALLER wooes the courtly dames

With gay and unaffected lays,

His careless limbs supinely laid

Beneath the plantain's leafy shade.

PRIOR his easy pipe applies

To soothe his jealous CLOON's breast,

And

And even SACHARISSA's eyes
To brighter CLOS's yield the prize
Of VENUS' soul bewitching *et*.
Than these much greater bards, I ween,
Whenever they will condescend
Th' inferior Muses to attend,
Immortalize this humble scene:
SHAKESPEAR's and DRAYTON's fairy crews
In midnight revels gambol round,
And POPE's light SYLPHIDS sprinkle dews
Refreshing on the magic ground.
Nor 'sdains the DRYAD train of yore,
And green-hair'd Naiads of the flood,
To join with FANCY's younger brood,
Which brood the sweet inchantress bore
To BRITISH bards in after-times,
Whose fame shall bloom in deathless rhymes,
When GREECE and BRITAIN are no more.

WHILST such the feasts of fancy give,
Careless of what dull sages know,
Amidst their banquets I will live,
And pitying, look on pow'r below:
If still the CYNIC censor says,
That ARISTIPPUS' useless days
Pass in melodious foolery,

This

This is my last apology:

" Whatever has the pow'r to bless,

" By living having learnt to prize,

" Since wisdom will afford me less

" Than what from harmless follies rise,

" I cannot spare from happiness

" A single moment to be wise.

THE END OF THE THIRD EPISTLE.

THE
CALL
OF
ARISTIPPUS.
EPISTLE IV.

TO MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

ΑΧΑΡΙΣ ΔΕ ΤΙΣ ΠΕΦΥΚΩΣ
ΜΕΘΕΤΩ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ —

ODE HENR. STEPHAN.

THE APOLOGY

OF

THE

ARTIST

TO

THE

ARTIST

OF

THE

ARTIST

OF

THE

ARTIST

OF

THE

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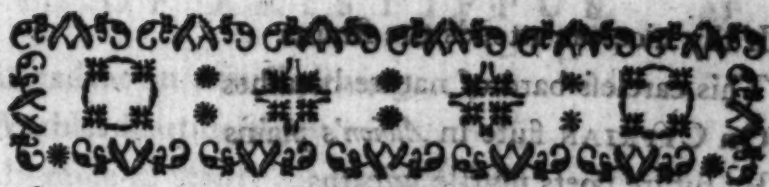
ARTIST

OF

THE

ARTIST

OF



THE
C A L L
O F
A R I S T I P P U S.

E P I S T L E IV.

TO MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

O Thou, for whom the British bays
Bloom in these unpoetic days,
Whose early genius glow'd to follow
The arts thro' nature's ancient ways,
Twofold disciple of Apollo!
Shall ARISTIPPUS' easy lays,
Trifles of philosophic pleasure
Compos'd in literary leisure,
Aspire to gain thy deathless praise?

If

If thy nice ear attends the strains
This careless bard of nature breathes
On CYPRIAN flute in *Albion's* plains
By future poets myrtle wreaths
Shall long be scatter'd o'er his urn
In annual solemnity,
And marble CUPIDS, as they mourn,
Point where his kindred ashes lie.

WHILST thro' the tracks of endless day
Thy muse shall, like the bird of Jove,
Wing to the source of light her way
And bring from cloudless realms above,
Where TRUTH's seraphic daughters glow,
Another Promethéan ray
To this benighted globe below,
Mine, like soft CYTHEREA's dove,
Contented with her native grove,
Shall fondly soothe th' attentive ears
Of life's way-wearied travellers,
And, from the paths of fancied woes,
Lead 'em to the serene abode
Where real bliss and real good
In sweet security repose;
Or, as the lark with matin notes,
To youth's new voyagers, in spring,
As over head in air she floats,

Attendant

Attendant on unruffled wing,
 Warbles inartificial joy,
 My muse in tender strains shall sing
 The feats of Venus' winged boy,
 Or how the nimble-footed Hours,
 With the three GRACES knit in dance,
 Follow the goddess ELEGANCE
 To HEBE's court in PAPHIAN bow'ns.

NOR let the supercilious wife
 And gloomy sons of melancholy
 These unaffected lays despise
 As day-dreams of melodious folly
 REASON a lovelier aspect wears
 The SMILES and MUSES when between
 Than in the STOLT's rigid mien
 With beard philosophiz'd by years
 And VIRTUE moans not in the cell
 Where cloister'd PRIDE and PENANCE dwell,
 But, in the chariot of the Loves,
 She triumphs innocently gay,
 Drawn by the yok'd ITALIAN doves,
 Whilst young AFFECTIONS lead the way
 To the warm regions of the heart,
 Whence selfish fiends of VICE depart,
 Like spectres at th' approach of day.

SHOULD any infidel demand,

Who sneers at our poetic heav'n,
 Whether from ordination given
 By prelates of the Christian land,
 Or inspiration from above;
 (As modern methodists derive
 Their light from no divine alive)
 I hold the great prerogative
 T' interpret sage ANACREON'S wit,
 Or gloss upon CATULLUS' wit;
 Prophets that heretofore were sent,
 And finally require to see
 CREDENTIALS of my embassy,
 Before his faith could yield assent,
 Convincing reasons I would give
 From a short tale scarce credible,
 But yet as true and plausible,
 As some which catholics believe,
 That I was call'd by Jove's belief
 A PAPHIAN and a Delphian Priest;
 ONCE when by TWENTY's pellucid beams,
 In days of prattling infancy,
 Led by young wond'ring EXETER,
 To view the sun's resplendent beams
 As on the sportive waves they play'd
 Too far I negligently stray'd,
 The god of day his lamp withdrew,

EVENING

EVENING her dusky mantle spread,
And from her moist'ned tresses shed
Refreshing drops of pearly dew.
Close by the borders of a wood,
Where an old ruin'd abbey stood,
Far from a fondling mother's sight,
With toil of childish sport oppress'd
My tender limbs sunk down to rest
'Midst the dark horrors of the night.
As HORACE erst by fabled doves
With spring's first leaves was mantled o'er
A wand'rer from his native groves,
A like regard the BRITISH LOVES
To me their future poet bore,
Nor left me guardianless alone,
For tho' no NYMPH or FAUN appear'd,
Nor piping SATYR was there heard,
And here the DRYADS are unknown;
Yet, natives true of ENGLISH ground,
Sweet ELVES and FAYS in mantles green,
By shepherds oft in moonlight seen,
And dapper fairies danc'd around.
The nightingale, her love-torn lay
Neglecting on the neighb'ring spray,
Strew'd with fresh flowers my turfy bed,
And, at the first approach of morn,

The

The red-breast stript the fragrant thorn
On roses wild to lay my head.

Thus, as the wond'ring rusticks say,
In smiling sleep they found me laid
Beneath a blossom'd hawthorn's shade,
Whilst sportive bees, in mystic play,
With honey fill'd my little lips
Blent with each sweet that ZEPHYR sips
From flow'ry cups in balmy *May*.

From that bless'd hour my bosom glow'd
Ere vanity or fame inspir'd,
With unaffected transports fir'd,
And from my tongue untutor'd flow'd,
In childhood's inattentive days,
The lisping notes of artless lays.
Nor have these dear enchantments ceas'd,
For what in innocence began
Still with increasing years increas'd,
And youth's warm joys now charm the man.
Perhaps this fondly-foster'd flame,
E'en when in dust my body's laid,
Will o'er the tomb preserve its fame,
And glow within my future shade.
If thus, as Poets have agreed,
The soul, when from the body freed,
In t' other world confines her bliss

To the same joys she lov'd in this,
 Thine, when she's pass'd the **STRYGIAN** flood,
 Shall, 'midst the patriot chiefs of old,
 The wise, the valiant, and the good,
 (Great names in deathless archives roll'd!)
 Strike with a master's mighty hand
 Thy golden lyre's profoundest chords,
 And fascinate the kindred band
 With magic of poetic words.
 Ravish'd with thy mellifluous lay
PLATO and **VIRGIL** shall entwine
 Of olive and the **MANTUAN** bay
 A never-fading crown for thee,
 And learn'd **LUCRETIVUS** shall resign,
 Among the foll'wers of the **NINE**,
 His philosophic dignity.
 For tho' his faithful pencil drew
NATURE's *external* symmetry,
 Yet to the **MIND's** capacious view,
 That unconfin'd expatiates
 O'er mighty **NATURE's** wond'rous *whole*,
 Thy nicer stroke delineates
 The finer features of the **SOUL**.
 And, whilst the **THEBAN** bard to thee
 Shall yield the heart-elating lyre,
HORACE shall hear attentively

Thy finger touch his softer wire
 To more familiar harmony.
 Mean while thy ARISTIPPUS' shade
 Shall seek where sweet ANACREON plays,
 Where CHAPELLE spends his festive days,
 Where lies the vine-impurpled glade
 By tuneful CHAULIEU vocal made,
 Or where our SHENSTONE's mossy cell,
 Or where the fair DESHOULIÈRES strays,
 Or HAMMOND and PAVILLON dwell,
 And GRESSET's gentle spirit roves
 Surrounded by a group of Loves
 With roses crown'd and asphodel.

LET the furr'd pedants of the schools,
 In learning's formidable show,
 Full of wise saws and bookish rules,
 The meagre dupes of misery grow,
 A lovelier doctrine I profess
 Than their dull science can avow;
 All that belongs to happiness
 Their heads are welcome still to know,
 My heart's contented to possess,
 For in soft elegance and ease,
 Secure of living whilst I live,
 Each momentary bliss I seize,
 Ere these warm faculties decay,

The

The fleeting moments to deceive
Of human life's allotted day.
And when the invidious hand of TIME
By stealth shall silver o'er my head,
Still PLEASURE's rosy walks I'll tread,
Still with the jocund MUSES rhyme,
And haunt the green IDALIAN bow'rs,
Whilst wanton boys of PAPHOS' court
In myrtles hide my staff for sport,
And coif me, where I'm bald, with flow'rs.

THUS to each happy habit true,
Preferring happiness to pow'r,
Will ARISTIPPUS e'en pursue
Life's comforts to the latest hour,
Till age (the only malady
Which thou and med'cine cannot cure,
Yet what all covet to endure)
This innocent voluptu'ry
Shall, from the LAUGHS and GRACES here,
With late and lenient change remove,
To regions of ELYSIAN air,
Where Shades of mortal PLEASURES rove,
Destin'd, without alloy, to share
Eternal joys of mutual love,
Which *transitory* were above.

THE END OF THE FOURTH EPISTLE.

The fleeting moments to decisive
 Of human life's allotted day.
 And when the invasions hand of Time
 By stealth shall sliver o'er my head,
 Still Pleasure's joy walks I'll tread,
 Still with the good I mean to share,
 And haunt the green Italian bow,
 Whilst wanton boys of LAROS' court
 In myrtle hide my shaft for sport.
 And call me, where I'm bled, with flowers.
 Thus to each happy hour true
 Preferring happiness to power,
 Will Aristippus ever pursue
 Life's comforts to the latest hour.
 Till age the nely unlady
 Which thou and man's flesh cannot cure,
 Yet what all cover to endure)
 This innocent voluptuary
 Shall, from the LAUGH and GRACE, pay
 With late and lenient change remove
 To regions of Elysian
 Where Shades of mortal PLEASURES love,
 Destin'd, without alloy, to share
 Eternal joys of mutual love,
 Which transient were above.
 The End of the Fourth Epistle.

AN EPISTLE A S O N G. From the KING of PRUSSIA.

TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

DEAR CHLOE what means this disdain,
Which blasts each endeavour to please?
Tho' forty, I'm free from all pain,
Save love, I am free from disease.

II.

No Graces my mansion have fled,
No Muses have broken my lyre;
The Loves frolick still round my bed,
And Laughter is chear'd at my fire.

III.

To none have I ever been cold,
All beauties in vogue I'm among;
I've appetite e'en for the old,
And spirit enough for the young.

IV.

Believe me, sweet girl, I speak true,
Or else put my love to the test;
Some others have doubted like you,
Like them do you bless and be blest.

AN EPISTLE
 From the KING of PRUSSIA,
 TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE. 1757.

Translated from the FRENCH.

VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now
 In private life's calm station plac'd,

Let Heav'n for nature's wants allow,

With cold indiff'rence would I view

Departing Fortune's winged haste,

And laugh at her caprice like you,

Th' insipid farce of tedious state,

Imperial duty's real weight,

The faithless courtier's supple bow,

The fickle multitude's cares,

And the great Vulgar's Littleness,

By long experience well I know;

And, tho' a Prince and Poet born,

Vain blandishments of glory scorn.

For when the ruthless shears of Fate

Have cut my life's precarious thread,

And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,

What wil't avail that I *was* great,

Or

Or that th' uncertain tongue of Fame
 In Mem'ry's temple chaunts my name?
 One blissful moment whilst we live
 Weighs more than ages of renown;
 What then do Potentates receive
 Of good, peculiarly their own?
 Sweet Ease and unaffected Joy,
 Domestic Peace, and sportive Pleasure;
 The regal throne and palace fly,
 And, born for liberty, prefer
 Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,
 To, what we Monarchs buy so dear,
 The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
 My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
 On fickle Fortune's casual flight,
 For, whether she's my foe or friend,
 In calm repose I'll pass the night;
 And ne'er by watchful homage own
 I court her smile, or fear her frown.
 But from our stations we derive
 Unerring precepts how to live,
 And certain deeds each rank calls forth,
 By which is measur'd human worth.
 Voltaire, within his private cell
 In realms where ancient honesty
 Is patrimonial property,

And sacred Freedom loves to dwell,
 May give up all *his* peaceful mind,
 Guided by Plato's deathless page,
 In silent solitude resign'd
 To the mild virtues of a Sage;
 But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage
 Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
 Must be, to face the tempest's rage,
 In thought, in life, in death, a King.



A HYMN to HEALTH,

Written in SICKNESS.

I.

SWEET as the fragrant breath of genial MAY,
 Come, fair HYGIEA, Goddess heav'nly born,
 More lovely than the sun's returning ray,
 To northern regions, at the half year's morn.

II.

Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grot,
 Where Temperance her scanty meal enjoys?
 Or Peace contented with her humble lot,
 Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast defies?

III.

Swept from each flow'r that sips the morning dew,
 Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around,
 Where e'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush anew,
 And purple vi'lets paint the hallow'd ground.

IV.

Thy presence renovated Nature shews,
 By thee each shrub with varied hue is dy'd,
 Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
 And all creation smiles with flow'ry pride.

V.

But in thy absence joy is felt no more,
 The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,
 The morn low'rs om'nous o'er the dusky shore,
 And evening suns set half extinct in tears.

VI.

Thy DISEASE ascends, when thou art gone
 From the dark regions of th' abyss below,
 With PESTILENCE, the guardian of her throne,
 Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

VII.

In vain her citron groves ITALIA boasts,
 Or Po the balsam of his weeping trees;
 In vain ARABIA'S aromatic coasts
 Tincture the pinions of the passing breeze.

VIII.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,
 But noxious stench exhal'd by scorching heat,
 Where gasping swains the pois'nous air inhale
 That once diffus'd a medicinal sweet.

IX.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd
 Heal with the balm of thy prolific breath,
 Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast,
 And shield my youth from canker-worms of death.

X. Then

X.

Then on the verdant turf, thy far'rite shrine,
 Restor'd to thee a votary I'll come,
 Grateful to offer to thy pow'r divine,
 Each herb that grows round *ÆSCULAPIUS*' tomb.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,
 And as sweet as the blooming hawthorn in May,
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
 And her face was as fair as the mother's of love.

II.

The night as the pleasure I reap'd that fresh
 And received gentle odors from violet beds,
 The warm sunbeams that play'd on her face,
 And as chaste as the moon.



Her mind was gentle as the new fallen snow,
 Yet as lively as hints of young Iris's bow,
 As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,
 Where the peace-loving dove doth often brood.

IV.

The sweetest that each virtue or grace had in store,
 She all darlings be would the bloom of each flower,
 Which treasure'd for me, O! how happy was I,
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

A S O N G.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May,
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
 And her face was as fair as the mother's of love.

II.

'Tho' mild as the pleasanter Zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle odors from violet beds,
 Yet warm in affection as PHOEBUS at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

III.

Her mind was unfullied as new fallen-snow,
 Yet as lively as tints of young IRIS's bow,
 As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,
 Where the peace-loving halcyon deposits her brood.

IV.

The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
 She cull'd as the bee would the bloom of each flow'r;
 Which treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I,
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

THE
GENIUS
OF
BRITAIN.
AN
IAMBIC ODE.

ADDRESSED TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

*Αποπον γὰρ ἦν τὴν μὲν τῶν ἀπάντων σωτηρίαν τοῖς ἐπιτρέπειν, ὑπὲρ δὲ ἀγωνίσθαι μηδὲν αὐτοῖς ὑπάρκειν κατὰ τὴν χώραν ἀποδίδης ἀξίον.

Diodor. Sicul. Histor. Lib. 1.

THE

GENIUS

OF

BRITAIN

LAMBIK ODE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

London: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, 1763.

To think of
 Right Honourable
 From each low view of station here,
 Which Monarchs cannot stand, or Courtiers know,
 Give that kind Heaven would our place'd boon bestow,
 Please'd with his present lot, nor wishes more.
 To think of

WILLIAM PITT, Esq.

O THOU ordain'd at length by pitying fate
 To save from ruin a declining State ;
 Adorn'd with all the scientific store
 Which bloom'd on ROMAN or ATHENIAN shore ;
 At whose command our Passions fall or rise,
 Breathe Anger's menaces, or Pity's sighs,
 Whose breast (O never let the flame expire !)
 Glows ardent with the Patriot's sacred fire ;
 Attend the Bard, who scorns the venal lays,
 Which servile Flatt'ry spurious Greatness pays ;
 Whose BRITISH Spirit emulating thine,
 Could ne'er burn incense at CORRUPTION's shrine ;
 Who far from Courts maintains superior state,
 And thinks that to be free is to be great ;

Careless

Careless of Pride's imperial smile or frown,
 A Friend to all mankind, but Slave to none;
 Above temptation, and unaw'd by pow'r,
 Pleas'd with his present lot, nor wishes more,
 Save that kind Heaven would one blest'd boon bestow,
 Which Monarchs cannot grant, or Courtiers know,
 From each low view of selfish faction free,
 To think, to speak, to live, O PITT, like thee.

WILLIAM PITT, Esq.

THOU ordain'd at length by pitying laws
 To save from ruin a declining state;
 Adorn'd with all the glories of a throne
 Which bloom'd on a heroic breast;
 At whose command our fall or rise,
 Breathe Anger's menaces, or Pity's sighs,
 Whole breast (O never let the flame expire)
 Glows ardent with the Patriot's sacred fire;
 Attend the Bard, who scorns the venal pay,
 Which servile Flattery's ignominious pays;
 Whose British Spirit exulting shines,
 Could ne'er be born inmate at Corruption's shrine;
 Who far from Courts maintains superior state,
 And thinks that to be free is to be great;
 E H T
 Careless



THE
GENIUS
OF

BRITAIN.

AN
IAMBIC ODE.

Written in the Year 1756.

I.
Al! what avals, the cry'd, the blood
A S late o'er BRITAIN's chalky coasts
The GENIUS of the Island flew,
The venal swarm of foreign Hosts
Inglorious basking in his view,
Deep in his breast he felt the new disgrace,
And honest blushes warm'd his Godlike face.

II. Quick

† Six thousand Hessians imported to protect this island ! ! ! !

II.

Quick flash'd the Light'ning of his Spear
Which blasted FRANCE on CRESSY' field,
He wheel'd the blazing Sword in Air,
And on his Shoulders spread the Shield,
As when o'er AGINCOURT's blood-purpled lands,
Pale TERROR stalk'd thro' all the GALLIC bands.

III.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,
Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,
Sudden the tears of anguish flow,
For sore he felt th' indignity ;
Discordant Passions shook his heav'nly frame,
Now Horror's damp, now Indignation's flame.

IV.

Ah ! what avails, he cry'd, the blood
Shed by each Patriot band of yore,
When Freedom's unpaid Legions stood
Protectors of this sea-girt shore,
When ancient Wisdom deem'd each BARRICK Sword
From hostile Pow'r could guard its valiant Lord.

V. What

V.

What tho' the DANISH Raven spread
 Awhile his wings o'er ENGLISH ground,
 The Bird of prey funereal fled
 When ALFRED call'd his Peers around,
 Whose Fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
 Deep stain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

VI.

ALFRED on natives could depend,
 And scorn'd a foreign force t' employ,
 He thought, who dar'd not to defend
 Were never worthy to enjoy;
 The Realm's and Monarch's int'rest deem'd but one.
 And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

VII.

What tho' weak JOHN's divided reign
 The GALLIC Legions tampted o'er,
 When HENRY's Barons join'd again,
 Those feather'd Warriors left the shore;
 Learn, BRITONS, hence, you want no foreign friends,
 The Lion's safety on himself depends.

VIII. Reflect

VIII.

Reflect on EDWARD's glorious name;
 On my fifth HENRY's martial deeds;
 Think on those Peers of deathless fame
 Who met their King on THAMES's meads,
 When Sov'reign Might acknowledg'd Reason's plea,
 That Heav'n created Man for Liberty.

IX.

Tho' ROME's fell Star malignant shone,
 When great ELIZA rul'd this State,
 On ENGLISH hearts she plac'd her throne,
 And in *their* happiness her Fate,
 While blacker than the Tempests of the North,
 The *Papal* Tyrant sent his curses forth.

X.

Lo! where my THAMES's waters glide
 At great AUGUSTA's regal feet,
 Bearing on each returning tide
 From distant realms a golden fleet,
 Which homeward wafts the fruits of ev'ry Zone,
 And makes the Wealth of all the World your own.

XIX

Shall on his silver waves be borne
 Of armed Slaves a venal Crew?
 Lo! the old God denotes his scorn,
 And shudders at th' unusual view,
 Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,
 And Tears indignant bathe his crystal Urn.

XIX

O! how can vassals born to bear
 The galling weight of Slav'ry's chain,
 A Patriot's noble ardor share,
 Or FREEDOM'S sacred cause maintain?
 BRITONS exert your own unconquer'd might
 A Freeman best defends a Freeman's right.

XIII.

Look back on every deathless deed
 For which your Sires recorded stand;
 To battle, let your nobles lead
 The sons of Toil, a hardy band;
 The Sword on each rough Peasant's thigh be worn,
 And War's green wreaths the Shepherd's front adorn.

XIV.

But see, upon his utmost shores
 AMERICA's sad GENIUS lies,
 Each wasted province he deplotes,
 And casts on me his languid eyes,
 Bless'd with Heav'n's fav'rite ordinance I fly,
 To raise th' oppress'd, and humble Tyranny.

XV.

This said, the VISION westward fled,
 His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
 The way fire-mantled VENGEANCE led,
 And JUSTICE drove his airy Car;
 Behind firm-footed PEACE her olive bore,
 And PLENTY's Horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

XIII.

Look back on every battle's blood
 For which your sword recorded stand;
 To battle for your nobles hand
 And Wm's green wreaths the shepherd's front adorn.
 Thy sword on each right peasant's thigh be worn.
 And Wm's green wreaths the shepherd's front adorn.

THE AGNES

TO

S Y L V I A

The ARGUMENT.

THEAGENES, Son of HIERON, the Priest of Pan, having fallen in love, at an annual festival in the temple of that God, with SYLVIA, a votress to DIANA, finds means to seduce her. After some time, the Nymph being strack with horror at her guilt, in the utmost despair and contrition makes a vow that she would endeavour to expiate her offence by a life of religious Solitude: Upon which occasion THEAGENES writes the following epistle.

N. B. Several hints in the following epistle were taken from the celebrated Lord GRAY's Love-letters.



THE AGNES

TO

S Y L V I A

SAY, dearest Object of my broken Heart,
Must we for e'er, like Soul and Body, part?
Must I be doom'd whole Ages to deplore,
And think of Transports I must taste no more?
O dreadful Thought! whose endless View contains
Grief foll'wing Grief, and Pains succeeding Pains!
Each Joy is blasted, and each Comfort fled!
Ye dreary Sisters, cut the fatal Thread!

Ah! whither fly'st thou? to some dreary Plain,
Where frozen *Chastity* and *Horror* reign;
And *Melancholy*, Daughter of *Despair*,
With pale *Contrition*, and with gloomy *Care*;
To spend thy Youth in superstitious Fears,
In needless Penance, Penitence, and Tears!

Let those dwell there whose Bosoms Guilt reprove,
 But thou hast none, if 'tis no Sin to love.
 For what is deem'd a half extorted Vow
 Too dull for Lovers, and forgotten now?
 Religious Cheat! impos'd by Fear on Man,
 And Priests continue what the Fool began.

O stay, for Absence never can destroy,
 No Distance quell my visionary Joy;
 In vain you still endeavour to remove
 The beauteous Cause of my unhappy Love:
Imagination foll' wing close behind,
 Presents afresh past Pleasures to my Mind;
 The rebel Mind forbidden Passion knows,
 With welcome Flames the guilty Bosom glows,
 Again th' extatic Soul dissolves away,
 In brightest Visions of eternal Day;
 There sees thy fatal Form, or seems to see,
 For Heav'n it loses, when it loses thee.

Worn by my Sorrows, see this wretched Frame,
 Innocent Object of thy fatal Flame!
 See! round my Lips a deadly Paleness spread;
 Where Roses bloom'd, the Canker Grief has fed;
 From my cold Checks the with'ring Lilly flies,
 And Light extinguisht leaves my weeping Eyes.

O count again the Pleasures we have prov'd,
 Promoting mutual what the other lov'd;

Recall in Thought each am'rous Moment gone,
 Think each soft Circumstance, and still think on;
 But chief that Day destructive to my Rest,
 For ever fatal, yet for ever blest,
 When I, assisting at the sacred Shrine,
 My aged Father in the Rites divine,
 Beheld thee first, celestial as thou art,
 And felt thy Image sink into my Heart;
 Ere I could think I found myself undone,
 For but to see thee and to love are one:
 No more the Pomp and solemn Splendor pleas'd,
 Devotion's Flames within my Bosom ceas'd;
 Thy fairer Form expell'd the Deity,
 And all the mighty Space was fill'd with thee.

I fear'd 'twas Error, and to Wisdom fled
 To call her rigid Doctrine to my Aid:
 But such the Passion, Wisdom must approve,
 She saw the Object, and she bade me love.

The pleasing Paths of *Venus* I retr'd,
 No more a Mortal, but an ang'rous God:
 O pow'rful Weakness of th' extatic Mind!
 Celestial Gleams to human Failings join'd!
 Love wafts our thoughts, when fancy spreads her sails,
 To Lands of Paradise with gentle Gales,
 Love makes the Sifter Soul for ever even;
 Love can do all, for Love itself is Heaven.

The

The tedious Bus'ness of the Day was done;
 Our Off'rings ended with the parting Sun;
 The Night advanc'd, the Shepherds homeward sped
 To the sweet Comforts of the Nuptial Bed;
 But me, alas! far other Cares employ,
 To reap the Harvest of unlawful Joy;
 Pensive I wander'd on the lonely Shore,
 Where breaking Billows at a Distance roar;
 The Sighs that issued from my lab'ring Breast,
 Woke *Echo* from her inmost Cave of Rest;
 On thee I thought, on thee I call'd alone,
 The soften'd Rocks re-echo'd to my Moan,
 The sympathizing Streams ran mournful by,
 And tun'd their plaintive Bubblings to my Cry.

Thrice had the Moon her Silver Mantle spread,
 As oft I wander'd from my sleepless Bed;
 As oft I travers'd o'er the neighb'ring Plain,
 As oft I sought thee, but I sought in vain;
 At last arriv'd the long-expected Hour,
 I found thee musing in a lonely Bow'r;
 The Time and Place invited to impart
 The faithful Language of my love-sick Heart;
 With agonizing Sighs I gain'd belief,
 And each pathetic Circumstance of Grief;
 A War unequal in thy Breast ensu'd;
 Stern Duty fail'd, and gentle Pity woo'd,

Pity admitted, all Disdain remov'd,
 And soon what Mercy spar'd, the Woman lov'd.
 A crimson Blush o'er all thy Face was spread,
 Then Lillies pale, and all the Roses fled;
 Each Look more faithful, to thy Heart reveal'd
 The fatal Secret that thy Tongue conceal'd.
 The happy Omen of Success I view'd,
 Embrac'd th' Advantage, and th' Attack pursu'd.
 Honour's first Guard of wakeful Scruples o'er,
 Love found a Breach, and Fears contend no more;
 Each other's Arms each other's Body prest,
 We spoke much Pleasure, and we felt the rest;
 The rest, which only can the Faithful feel;
 The rest, which none had ever Pow'r to tell;
 The rest, which feels unutterably sweet,
 In the first Intercourse when Lovers meet;
 The modest Diffidence, and bold Desires,
 Soft thrilling Cold, and quick-returning Fires,
 The glowing Blushes, and the joyful Tears,
 The flatt'ring Wishes, and th' alarming Fears,
 The gentle Breathings, and the mutual Sighs,
 And all the silent Eloquence of Eyes.
 Pleas'd with the first Delight, my Raptures rove
 To seize at once the last Recess of Love;
 Till flying swiftly on from Joy to Joy,
 I sunk at last in heav'nly Extasy.

The secret Progress thus we first began,
 Then soon round Pleasure's flow'ry Circle ran;
 How oft we met, dull Reason frown'd in vain,
 How oft we parted but to meet again!
 O blessed Moments, and divinest Dreams!
 Enchanting Transports, and coelestial Gleams!
 Fly quick, my Fancy, bring 'em back to View,
 In Retrospection let me love anew;
 And once in Thought enjoy the Bliss again,
 Even cheaply purchas'd by an Age of Pain.

O sacred Queen of silent Night, advance,
 And cast thy sable Mantle o'er th' Expanse;
 Come, gentle Sleep, and close my wearied Eyes,
 Give to my Arms what hateful Day denies,
 For vain, alas! those dulcet Wishes roll,
 When sov'reign Reason awes the wakeful Soul;
 Sleep sets it free to all its native Fires,
 And gives a grateful Loose to soft Desires.
 At that calm Hour, when *Peace* her Requiem sings,
 And pleasing Slumbers spread their airy Wings;
 Thy beauteous Image comes before my Sight:
 (My Theme by Day, my constant Dream by Night;)
 Fancy not fairer paints those Heav'n-born Maids,
 In fair *Elysium* under Myrtle Shades,
 Who ever blooming, ever young appear,
 To drive from happy Shades intruding Fear.

My

My ravish'd Thoughts on Plumes angelic soar,
 And feel within a Heav'n, or somewhat more.
 Strait on thy oft-repeated Name I call,
 Then wake, and sigh, and find it vanish'd all.
 Thus erst when *Orpheus* from the *Stygian* Shore
 Had won his youthful Bride by Music's Pow'r,
 Impatient to behold her, ere he past
 The Pool *Cocytus*, and th' infernal Waste,
 Heedless he cast forbidden Looks behind;
 The fleeting Shadow vanish'd like the Wind,
 And all his Joys wing'd their eternal Flight
 With her, like frightened Doves, to Realms of Night.

Again I close my Sleep-deluded Eyes,
 Around my Soul black Swarms of Dæmons rise,
 Pale Spectres grin, and angry Furies howl,
 Quick Light'nings flash, and horrid Thunders roll;
 Again the frightened Wand'rer hastes away
 Back to the living Horrors of the Day,
 There counts the visionary Mis'ry o'er,
 And realizes what was dreamt before.

Ye dreary Pow'rs, that hover o'er the Plains
 Where Sorrows reign, and everlasting Pains,
 Bear me to Places suited to my Woe,
 Where noxious Herbs and deadly Poisons grow,
 Whilst wintry Winds howl fiercely round my Head,
 The Flint my Pillow, sharp'ned Rocks my Bed;

And Ghosts of Wretches once who dy'd for Love,
 Round their unburied Bodies nightly rove,
 Which hang half moulder'd on some blasted Tree,
 And by their sad Example counsel me.

What now avail the joyous Moments past,
 Or what will all the wretched Few that last ?
 In them I dying will our Loves proclaim,
 With fault ring Accents call upon thy Name,
 And whilst I bless thee with my parting Breath,
 Enjoy the Raptures of my Life in Death.
 Then spare thy Curses, and forget th' Offence
 Of him who robb'd thee of thy Innocence ;
 Or if not quite forget, forgive at least,
 And sooth the dying Penitent to Rest.

Oh ! may to thee the pitying Gods bestow
 Eternal Peace, and Happiness below ;
 Yet when thy mortal Frame, as once it must,
 Returns and mingles with its Native Dust ;
 May the same Urn our mingled Ashes have,
 And find a lasting Union in the Grave !

If you ere long my bleeding Corso should see
 Beneath the Covert of yon conscious Tree,
 This last Request I make for all my Fears,
 For all my sleepless Minutes spent in Tears,
 For all those Struggles of my parting Breath,
 And all the Agonies in one, my Death ;

Think

Think on the Raptures which we ravish'd there,
 Then breathe a Sigh, and drop th' indebted Tear.
 This empty Tribute's to the Mem'ry due,
 Of one, who liv'd and dy'd in Love of you.
 My Ghost, thus sooth'd, shall seek the *Stygian* Shore,
 Mix with the happy Crowd, and grieve no more,
 But eager wait till thou at last art giv'n,
 To raise each Blessing of th' *Elysian* Heav'n,
 Where uncontroul'd in amorous Sports we'll play,
 And love a whole Eternity away,



I think on the Rapture which we shall find there
Then break a sigh and drop a tear
This happy Rapture to the Memory and
Of one who liv'd and died in love of you
His Ghost is absent from the happy shore
Mix with the happy Ghosts and give no more
But rage wait all that till art give
To raise each blessing of the happy shore
Where uncontrived in amorous sports we'll pass
And love a whole Eternity away

H A P P Y



THE
END
OF
THE
FIRST
PART
OF
THE
POEM
OF
THE
HAPPY
SHORE
BY
JOHN
D. [illegible]
1711

THE
DESIGN
POWER
OF
HARMONY:

A
POEM,
IN TWO BOOKS.

THE
POWER
OF
HARMONY:

A
POEM
IN TWO BOOKS.

D.



THE DESIGN.

IT is observable, that whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an instantaneous pleasure to the mind, exclusive of reflection. For the great Creator of all things, infinitely wise and good, ordained a perpetual agreement between the faculties of moral perception, the powers of fancy, and the organs of bodily sensation, when they are free and undistemper'd. From hence is deducible the most comfortable, as well as the most true philosophy that ever adorned the world; namely a constant admiration of the beauty of the creation, terminating in the adoration of the First Cause, which naturally

leads mankind chearfully to co-operate with his grand design for the promotion of universal happiness.

I H T

From hence our author was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty; since the same faculties, which render us susceptible of pleasure from the perfection of the creation, and the excellence of the arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of dignity and justice in characters and manners. For what is virtue, but a just regulation of our affections and appetites, to make them correspond to the peace and welfare of society? so that good and beauty are inseparable.

From this true relish of the soul, this harmonious association of ideas, the ancient philosophers, and their disciples among the moderns, have enlivened their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourse of adding moral epithets to natural objects,
and

and illustrating their observations upon the conduct of life, by metaphors drawn from the external scenes of the world. So we know, that by a *beautiful* action, or *consonant* behaviour, is meant the generous resignation of private advantage by some individual, to submit and adapt his single being to the whole community, or some part of it. And in like manner, when we read of a solemn grove, where *Horror* and *Melancholy* reign, we entertain an idea of a place that creates such thoughts in the mind, by reason of its solitary situation, want of light, or any other circumstances analogous to those dispositions, so termed, in human nature.

This then is the design of the poem, to shew that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature, will by degrees harmonize the soul to a responsive regularity and sympathetic order.

From

From what has been premised, 'twould be needless to explain the comprehensive meaning of the word HARMONY. For an explanation or a proof of the relation of the imitative arts to moral philosophy, the reader is referred to the dialogues of *Plato*, and the other philosophers of the academic school; to Lord *Shaftesbury* and *Hutcheson*, their great disciples among the moderns.



The

THE
TO THE FIRST BOOK.

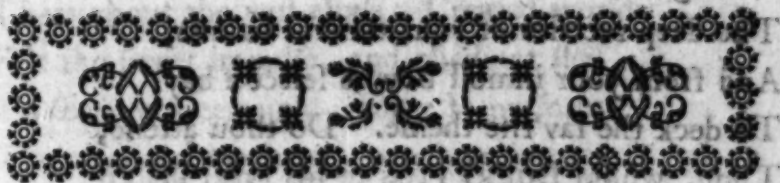
P O W E R
O F
H A R M O N Y.
BOOK THE FIRST.

From nature, beauty of composition, etc.
Of nature, composition, etc. which is the
The most pure and beautiful of all
The most beautiful of all - a perfect, in fact,

THE
A R G U M E N T

To the FIRST BOOK.

The subject proposed. Invocation to Venus allegorically. Invocation to quit superstition, and adore the Creator of all things. Chaos originally reduced to Harmony. A fictitious account of the music of the spheres. The notes of music taken from the number of planets. Its effect on the human mind in despair—in sorrow—in rage—on distemper'd bodies—on brutes and irrational beings. The seat of Art described, and her attendants: to what end are her labours: either to excite voluptuousness, or the contrary, just as made use of. Commendation of the use of Art to raise in us sentiments of justice and temperance. The excellence of art as great in representing monstrous objects as the most regular, as far as relates to imitation. Why a just resemblance gives us pleasure. Passions may be represented by outward forms, but moral beauty can never be full enough expressed by them: that province belongs to the Muse. The conclusion of the first Book.



THE
P O W E R
O F
H A R M O N Y.
BOOK THE FIRST.

*The Harmony of Music, Poetry, and the
Imitative Arts.*

O F HARMONY, and her cœlestial pow'r
O'er the responsive soul, and whence arise
Those sweet sensations, whether from the lays
Of melting music, and impassion'd verse,
From mimic scenes of emulative art,
Or nature's beauteous objects, which affect
The moral pow'rs with sympathetic charms,
The Muse congenial sings.—Descend, ye Nine,
Who

Who guard th' Aonian mount, whilst I unfold
 The deep recesses of your tuneful haunts,
 And from your inmost bow'rs select a bay
 To deck the fav'rite theme. Do thou attend,
 Thou, whom LUCRETIVS to his great design
 Invok'd; and with thee bring thy darling son,
 Who tun'd ANACREON'S lyre, to guide my hand,
 Advent'rous rais'd to sweep harmonious chords.

Come all ye sons of Liberty, who wake
 From dreams of superstition, where the soul
 Thro' mists of forc'd belief, but dimly views
 Its own great Maker; come, and I will guide,
 Uninterrupted by the jargon shrill
 Of peevish priests, your footsteps to the throne
 Where Pleasure reigns with Reason, to behold
 His Majesty coelestial, and adore
 Him thro' each object of proportion fair,
 The source of virtue, harmony, and bliss!

Ere this delightful face of things adorn'd
 The great expanse of day, dark Chaos reign'd,
 And elemental Discord; in the womb
 Of ancient Night, the war of atoms rag'd
 Incessant; Anarchy, Confusion wild,
 Harsh Dissonance, and Uproar fill'd the whole;
 Till that Eternal ONE, who from the first
 Existed, sent his plastic word abroad

Through-

Throughout the vast abyss : Created worlds
 Felt the sweet impulse, and obedient fled
 To stations ascertain'd ; there to perform
 Their various motions, corresponding all
 To one harmonious plan, which fblers feign
 The mystic music of the distant spheres.

All this the Samian sage had seen at large,
 From Ida's cloud-topt summit, or the cave
 With Epimenides, where he survey'd,
 Higher on wings of contemplation borne,
 The mighty maze of nature ; whence he learnt
 From that cœlestial number, how to form
 The lyre heart-melting, and the vocal shell.

Thus all the pow'r of Music from the spheres
 Descends to wake the fardy soul of man

From

All this the Samian sage.] It is very evident that *Pythagoras*, who is justly esteemed in one respect the inventor of music, had a clear notion of the present astronomical system, though the honour of the discovery was reserved for *Copernicus* so many ages after. Nor was this sentiment of his unknown to the rest of the philosophers : for the *Stagyrite*, in the 13th chapter of the 2d book *επιστ. Ουραν.* speaks of it in these terms. " Those philosophers, who are called *Pythagoreans*, affirm, that the sun is in the middle ; and that " the earth, like the rest of the planets, rolls round it upon " its own axis, and so forms the day and night."

From that cœlestial number.] The number of the Planets.

Πάντες δ' ἐπ' ἀπονοία λυγρῆς φθογῶσι συνῶδον
 Ἀρμονίην' ὁρῶσ' ἑκάστος ἄλλος ἀπ' ἄλλου

ALEX. EPHE. apud HERACL. de Hom.

From dreams terrestrial; ever to its charms
 Obsequious, ever by its dulcet strains
 Smooth'd from the passions of tempestuous life,
 And taught to præenjoy its native heav'n.
 Whilst thro' this vale of error we pursue
 Ideal joys, where Fancy leads us on
 Thro' scenes of paradise in fairy forms
 Of Ease, of Pleasure, or extensive Pow'r;
 And when we think full fairly we possess
 The promis'd heav'n, Disease, or wrinkled Care,
 Fill with their loath'd embrace our eager grasp,
 And leave us in a wilderness of woe
 To weep at large; where shall we seek relief,
 Where ease th' oppressive anguish of the mind,
 When Retrospection glows with conscious shame
 By grey Experience in the wholesome school
 Of Sorrow tutor'd? Whither shall we fly?
 To wilds and woods, and leave the busy world
 For solitude? Ah! thither still pursue
 Th' intruding fiends, attend our evening-walk,
 Breathe in each breeze, and murmur in each rill;
 Where Peace, protected by the turtle wing
 Of Innocence, expands the lovely bloom
 Of gay Content, no more to be enjoy'd,
 But lost for ever! Yet benignant Heav'n,
 Correcting with parental pity, sent

This

This friendly Siren from the groves of Joy,
 To temper with mellifluous strains the voice
 Of mental Anguish, and attune the groans
 Of young Impatience, to the softer sound
 Of grateful Pæans to its Maker's praise.

Alike, if ills external, made our own,
 Mix in the cup of life the bitter drop
 Of Sorrow; when the childless Father sighs
 From the remembrance of his dying son;
 When Death has sever'd, with a long farewell,
 The lover from the object of desire,
 In the full bloom of youth, and leaves the wretch,
 To sooth affliction in the well-known scenes
 Of blameless rapture once; uncouth Advice
 In vain intrudes with sacerdotal frown,
 And Superstition's jargon, to expell
 The sweet distress; the gen'rous Soul disdains,
 Deaf to such monkish precepts, all constraint,
 And gives a loose to grief; but straight apply
 The lenient force of numbers, they'll assuage
 By calm degrees the sympathetic pain,
 Till lull'd at length, the intellectual pow'rs
 Sink to divine repose, and rage no more.
 So when descended rains from Alpine rocks
 Burst forth in different torrents, down they rush
 Precipitate, and o'er the craggy steep

Hoarse

Hoarse roaring bear the parted soil away;
 Anon, collected on the smother plains,
 Glide to the channel of some ancient flood,
 And flow one silent stream. This oft I felt,
 When, wand'ring thro' the unfrequented woods,
 Mourning for poor ARDELIA's hapless fate,
 Thee, my belov'd MELODIUS, I have heard
 In silent rapture all the live-long day.
 Tho' black Despair sate brooding o'er my thoughts
 Pregnant with horror, thy Platonic lay
 Dispell'd th' unmanly sorrows, and again
 Led forth my vagrant fancy thro' the plan
 Of Nature, studious to explore with thee
 Each beauteous scene of musical delight,
 Which bears fraternal likeness to the soul.

Is there a passion, whose impetuous force
 Disturbs the human breast, and breaking forth
 With sad eruptions, deals destruction round,
 Like flames convulsive from th' Ætnean mole,
 But by the magic strains of some soft air
 Is harmoniz'd to peace? As tempests cease
 Their elemental fury, when the queen
 Of heav'n, descending on a Zephyr's plume,

Smiles

*Is there a passion, &c.] Spirto ha' ben dissonante, anima torde,
 Che dal concerto universal discorda.*

L'Adone del MARINO, Cant. sett.

Smiles on th' enamel'd landscape of the spring.
 Say, at that solemn hour, the noon of night,
 When nought but plaintive Philomela wakes,
 Say, whilst she warbles forth her tragic tale,
 Whilst grief melodious charms the Sylvan pow'rs,
 And Echo from her inmost cave of rest
 Joins in her wailing, dost not thou partake
 A melancholy pleasure? And tho' rage
 Did lead thee forth beneath the silent gloom
 To meditate on horror and revenge,
 Thy soften'd soul is gently sooth'd within,
 And, humaniz'd again by Pity's voice,
 Becomes as tender as the gall-less dove

Nor is the tuneful blessing here confin'd
 To cure distemper'd passions, and allay
 By its persuasive notes convulsive throbs
 Of soul alone; but (strange!) with subtle pow'r
 Acts on the grosser matter of the frame
 By riot shatter'd, or the casual lot
 Of sickness wither'd. When th' harmonious plan
 Of inward beauty ceases, oft the lute,
 By soft vibrations on responsive nerves,
 Has reconcil'd, by medicinal sounds,
 Corporeal Chaos to its pristine form.
 Such is the fabled charm Italians boast
 To cure that insect's venom, which benumbs

By

By fatal touch the frozen veins, and lulls
The senses in oblivion : when the Harp,
Sonorous, thro' the patient's bosom pours
Its antidotal notes, the flood of life,
Loos'd at its source by tepefying strains,
Flows like some frozen silver stream unthaw'd
At a warm Zephyr of the genial Spring.

Doubt you those charms of music o'er the soul
Of man ? Behold ! e'en brute creation feels
Its pow'r divine ! For when the liquid Flute
Breathes am'rous airs, touch'd by the love-sick swain,
Mute is each hill and dale ; the list'ning herds
Express their joy irrational (as erst
When Fauns and Dryads follow'd ancient Pan
In festive dance.) Ask you, from whence arise
These grateful signs of pleasure in the gaze
Of list'ning flocks at music's dulcet lore ?
From whence, but from responsive notes within
Of HARMONY cœlestial, which inspires
Each animal, thro' all the spacious tracts

Behold ! e'en brute creation feels. } See the surprising effects
of music related by *Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Polybius,*
and other ancient authors.

The list'ning herds, &c.]

“ For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
“ Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, &c.

SHAKESP. *Merchant of Venice.*

Of

Of earth, and air, and water, from the large
 Unwieldly elephant, to th' unseen mote,
 That flutters in the sun's meridian beam.
 See! round that fragrant rose, whose sweets perfume
 The tinctur'd pinions of the passing breeze,
 How bees laborious gather! from each hive
 The dusky myriads swarm, to taste the dew,
 Just sprinkled from Aurora's golden plumes,
 Ambrosializ'd within its dulcet leaves,
 And sweets distilling like Arabian gums
 From medicinal groves——homeward they bear
 The liquid spoil, exulting, all intent
 T' enrich the waxen empire; till anon
 Luxurious plenty sows the fatal seed
 Of dire dissention; sudden rage ensues,
 And fight domestic; to the fields of air
 The winged hosts resort; the signals sound,
 And civil slaughter strews the plains below
 With many a little corpse. But e'en amidst
 The thickest war, let but the tuneful rod
 On brazen cymbal strike, the lenient strains,
 Quick undulating thro' the silent air,
 Recall harmonious love and gentle peace
 Back to their ancient seats; the friendly swarms
 Sudden in reunited clusters join,
 Pendent on neighb'ring fallows; nought is heard
 But

But notes reciprocal of bliss sincere,
Soft-breathing thro' each amicable hive.

Now to the Muse sublimer objects turn;
For MIND alone can feel th' effect divine
Of emulative art, where human skill
Steals with a Promethean hand the fire
Of heav'n, to imitate cœlestial pow'r.

Deep in the vale of Solitude, where Peace
Breathes o'er the soul diviner airs than those
By Grecian fablers sung, which from the banks
Of fam'd Elysium waft on happy shades
Their grateful influence, in sequester'd bow'rs
The pow'r of ART resides : Reflection firm,
And vagrant Fancy at her sov'reign nod
Attendant wait; behind th' ideal train
Of Memory, with retrospective eye
Supports her throne, whilst Contemplation guides
Her trophied car. Thro' Nature's various paths,
Alike, where glows the blossom'd pride of May,
Or where bleak Winter from the widow'd shrubs
Strips the gay verdure, and invests the boughs
With snowy horror; where delicious streams
Thro' flow'ry meadows seek their wanton course;
Or where on Afric's unfrequented coasts
The dreary desert burns; where e'er the ray
Of Beauty gilds the scene, or where the cloud

Of

Of Horror casts its shade; SHE unrestrain'd
 Explores, and in her faithful mirror bears
 The sweet resemblance, to revive the soul,
 When Absence from the sight for ever tears
 The source of rapture. Hence the tablet glows
 With charms exotic; hence the sculptur'd bust,
 As o'er the rock the plastic chissel moves,
 Breathes by degrees, till streight returns afresh
 The lov'd idea to the ravish'd eye,
 And calls up ev'ry passion from its source.

Is Love the object of thy glowing thoughts?
 Or dream'st thou of a bliss exceeding far
 Elysian pleasures? Would'st thou taste again
 The heart-ensfeebling transports, when the Soul,
 Big with coelestial triumph, thro' the vales
 Of am'rous Fancy led the sportive Hours
 To soft Idalian airs, whilst wanton Loves
 Strew'd round thee roses of eternal bloom,
 And fann'd the sultry breeze with golden plumes?
 See! where, beneath a myrtle bow'r reclin'd,
 Which on the canvass casts its cooling shade,
 Encircled in each other's arms, yon beauteous pair
 In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown
 Of Care ne'er low'rs, but ever chearful smiles
 Effuse, like vernal suns, their genial beams
 To warm their mutual hearts; whilst rapt'rous sighs,

E

Sweeter

Sweeter than aromatic winds which blow
 O'er spicy groves in intermingled gales,
 Are wafted to th' impending queen of love.

But burns thy heart with more refin'd delight?
 And would'st thou thro' the faithful colours view
 Calm Chastity and Justice blend their charms
 Like gleams of opening heav'n? Yon radiant throne
 Presents great CYRUS, as the Magi feign'd
 The snowy-vested MITHRES, from the East
 Descending in effulgent rays of light,
 To guide the virtuous to th' ætherial plains,
 Where Joy for ever dwells. Before him stands
 A trembling captive, with dejected looks,
 As conscious of her form: upon her cheeks
 The rose of beauty fades, with paler hue
 The lilly sickens, and each flow'r declines
 Its drooping head. But see! how he revives
 With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breast,
 And Joy's soft blush appears! So the bless'd wings
 Of western Zephyrs, o'er Arabian coasts
 Sprinkle their heav'nly dew; the wither'd plants
 Incline their sun-parch'd bosoms to imbibe
 The renovating moisture, till anon
 The pristine bloom thro' vegetative pores
 Returning, smiles in ev'ry flow'ry vale,
 And decks the neighb'ring hills with verdant pride.
 Such

Such groups as these instruct th' unbias'd mind
 With real wisdom, when with Beauty's garb
 Virtue invested, and ne'er-fading charms,
 Fills with desire the soul; here Art employs
 To worthy ends her pencil as of old,
 And calls the Hero to receive the wreath
 Of public honour, whilst his sacred bust
 Is still preserv'd for nations yet unborn
 To view with adoration; ev'ry breast
 Feels emulative spirits burn within,
 And longs to join the honour'd list of Fame.

Yet still her influence is not less confess'd
 In other forms, to raise abhorrence fierce,
 To paint in hideous shapes the crew of Vice,
 And all her train of sure-attending woes,
 These objects have their different graces too,
 And glow, if faithful, thro' the mimic scenes
 With charms peculiar. For Perfection fits;
 As the known imitation shall succeed,
 With equal lustre on a tyrant's frown,
 As on the dimple of Pancaste's cheek,
 Or Delia's iv'ry neck. The melting tear

E 2

Drops

For Perfection fits, &c.] See the reason in *Aristotle* assign'd,
 why the mind is as much delighted with aptness of descrip-
 tion to excite the image, as with the image in description.
ARIST. de Poet. cap. 4. So *PLUTARCH de Aud. Poet.* See
 his *Symp. lib. 5.*

Drops from th' afflicted parent's joyless eye,
 Not less delightful to th' attentive gaze
 Of fixt Examination, than the smiles
 Of infant Cupids sporting thro' the groves,
 Where Venus sleeping lies. From Nature form'd,
 The just resemblance from consenting Thought
 Applause demands; and Fancy's ravish'd eye
 Sports o'er the painted surge, whose billows roll
 Tempestuous to the sky, with equal blifs,
 As o'er the marble surface of the deep,
 When mild Favonius from the western isles,
 With youthful Spring flies glad some o'er the main,
 To seek his gentle May; while Proteus rests
 Deep in his ouzy bed, and Halcyons call,
 Secure of peace, their new-fledg'd young abroad.

External matter thus by art is wrought,
 Or with the pencil or the chissel's touch,
 To give us back the image of the mind,
 Which smiles to find its own conceptions there.
 But can She draw the tenderness of thought?
 Can she depict the beauty of the soul,
 And all th' internal train of sweet distress,
 When Friendship o'er the recent grave declines
 Its sick'ning head, as ev'ry action dear,
 And ev'ry circumstance of mutual love
 Returns afresh; while from the streaming eyes

Bursts

Bursts forth a flood of unavailing tears,
 Of parting tears, ere yet they close the tomb?
 Or, can She from the colours that adorn
 The watry bow; from all the splendid store,
 That Flora lavishes in vernal hours
 On wanton Zephyr; from the blazing mine
 Where Plutus reigns; can she select a bloom
 To emulate the Patriot's bosom, when the wealth
 Of nations, all imperial pomp is scorn'd,
 And tyrants frown in vain, yet to the last
 He breathes the social sigh, and even in death
 With blessing on his native country calls!——
 That only to the Muse belongs, to shew
 How charms each moral beauty, how the scene
 Of goodness pleases the responsive soul,
 And soothes within the intellectual pow'rs
 With sympathetic order. For at first,
 This emanation of the source of life
 Unfullied glows, till o'er th' ætherial rays
 Opinion casts a tincture, and infects
 The mental optics with a jaundice hue;
 Then, like the domes beneath a wizard's wand,
 Each object, as the hellish artist wills,
 A shape fallacious wears.—O throng, ye youth,
 Around the poet's song, whose sacred lays,
 Breathe no infectious vapours from the coasts,

Where Indolence supinely nods at ease,
 And offers to the passing crowd her couch
 Of down, whilst infant vices lull the mind
 To fatal slumbers; other themes invite
 My faithful hand to strike the votive lyre.
 Lo! VIRTUE comes in more effulgent pomp,
 Than what the great Impostor promis'd oft
 To cheated crowds of Mussulmen, beside
 The winey rivers and refreshing shades
 Of paradise; and lo! the dastard train
 Of pleasure disappears. So fleet the shades,
 That wander in the dreary gloom of night,
 When from the eastern hills Aurora pours
 Her flood of glory, and relumes the world.
 Be She my great protectress, She my guide
 Thro' lofty Pindus, and the laurel grove,
 Whilst I thro' unfrequented paths pursue
 The steps of Grecian sages, and display
 The just similitude of moral charms,
 Of HARMONY and JOY, with this fair frame
 Of outward things, which thro' untainted sense
 With a fraternal goodness fires the soul.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT
OF
POWER
HARMONY.
BOOK THE SECOND.

THE A R G U M E N T

To the SECOND BOOK.

Invocation to the moral train of Harmony: External objects analogous to 'em. The seats of rural beauty. Every kind of beauty charms, exclusive of any secondary motive. The annual renovation of nature. The complicated charms of various objects. The Great, the Wonderful, the Fair: The contrast to the same harmonious, when united to the universal plan of nature. Abstracted objects, how they work upon the mind:—with gayety:—with horror: with sorrow, admiration, &c. Moral beauty superior to natural, a view of the universe: The Harmony of the whole: What to be deduced from it. Contemplation on beauty and proportion in external objects, harmonizes the soul to a sympathetic order. The conclusion.



THE
P O W E R
O F
H A R M O N Y.
BOOK THE SECOND.

The HARMONY of NATURE.

COME all ye moral Genii, who attend
The train of rural Beauty, bring your gifts,
Your fragrant chaplets, and your purple wreaths,
To crown your poet's brow ; come all ye pow'rs,
Who haunt the sylvan shades, where Solitude
Nurses sweet Contemplation ; come ye band
Of Graces, gentle Peace, Contentment fair,
Sweet Innocence, and snowy-winged Hope,
Who sport with young Simplicity beneath.

E S

Her

Her mossy roof ; around my faithful lays
 Lead forth in festive pomp your paramours
 Of nature, deck'd in Spring's Elysian bloom,
 Or Autumn's purple robes ; whilst I relate
 In sounds congenial your untainted bliss,
 And their unfading lustre. Nor be thou
 Far from my lyre, O Liberty ! sweet nymph,
 Who roam'st at large thro' unfrequented groves,
 Swift as the mountain hind ; or eastern winds
 O'er Asia's kingdoms.——To each nat'ral scene
 A moral pow'r belongs ; as erst the woods,
 Inspir'd by Dryads, wav'd their awful heads
 With sacred horror, and the crystal streams
 Flow'd unpolluted by revering swains
 From urns celestial, whilst the mystic sounds
 Of sportive nymphs were heard in bubbling springs.

Ye fields and woods, and silver winding streams,
 Ye lillied vallies, and rebounding rocks,
 Where faithful Echo dwells ; ye mansions blest
 Where Nature reigns throughout the wide expanse,
 In majesty serene of opening heav'n ;
 Or, humbler seated, in the blushing rose,
 The virgin violet, or the creeping moss,
 Or winding round the mould'ring ruin's top,

With
 ——Your paramours of nature.] Natural objects, which
 produce in the mind such images.

With no unpleasing horror fit array'd
 In venerable ivy : Hail, thrice hail,
 Ye solitary seats, where Wisdom seeks
 Beauty and good, th' unseparable pair,
 Sweet offspring of the sky, those emblems fair
 Of the coelestial Cause, whose tuneful word
 From discord and from Chaos rais'd this globe,
 And all the wide effulgence of the day.

From him begins this beam of gay delight,
 When aught harmonious strikes th' attentive mind ;
 In him shall end ; for he attun'd the frame
 Of passive organs with internal sense,
 To feel an instantaneous glow of joy,
 When beauty from her native seat of heav'n,
 Cloath'd in ætherial mildness, on our plains
 Descends, ere Reason with her tardy eye
 Can view the form divine ; and thro' the world
 The heav'nly boon to ev'ry being flows.
 Why, when the genial spring with chaplets crown'd
 Of daisies, pinks, and villets, wakes the morn

With

To feel an instantaneous glow of joy,] Whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an immediate pleasure, exclusive of reflection ; nor, as Beauty is not vague and unsettled, but fixt to a proper criterion, are we left indifferent ; but led naturally to embrace it, by that propensity the divine Author of all things implanted in us. See the *Characteristicks*, and *An inquiry into the origin of our ideas of Beauty and Virtue*.

With placid whispers, do the turtles coo,
 And call their consorts from the neighb'ring groves
 With softer music; why exalts the lark
 His matin warbling with redoubled lays?
 Why stand th' admiring herds with joyful gaze
 Facing the dawn of day, or frisking bound
 O'er the soft surface of the verdant meads,
 With unaccustom'd transport? 'Tis the ray
 Of Beauty, beaming its benignant warmth
 Thro' all the brute creation: hence arise
 Spontaneous off'rings of unfeigned love
 In silent praises. And shall man alone,
 Shall man with blind ingratitude neglect
 His Maker's bounty? Shall the lap of Sloth,
 With soft insensibility compose
 His useless soul, whilst unregarded blooms
 The renovated lustre of the world?

See! how eternal Hebe onward leads
 The blushing morn, and o'er the smiling globe,
 With Flora join'd, flies gladsome to the bow'r,
 Where with the Graces, and Idalian Loves,
 Her sister Beauty dwells. The glades expand
 The blossom'd fragrance of their new-blown pride,
 With gay profusion; and the flow'ry lawns
 Breathe forth ambrosial odors; whilst behind,
 The Muse in never-dying hymns of praise

Pursues:

Pursues the triumph, and responsive airs,
 Symphonious warble thro' the vocal groves,
 Till playful Echo, in each hill and dale,
 Joins the glad chorus, and improves the lay.

First o'er yon complicated landscape cast
 Th' enraptur'd eye, where, thro' the subject plains,
 Slow with majestic pride a spacious flood
 Devolves his lordly stream; with many a turn
 Seeking along his serpentizing way,
 And in the grateful intricacies feeds
 With fruitful waves those ever-smiling shores,
 Which in the floating mirror view their charms
 With conscious glory; from the neighb'ring urns
 Th' inferior rivers swell his regal pomp
 With tributary off'rings. Some afar
 Thro' silent osiers, and the sullen green
 Of mournful willows, melancholy flow;
 Some o'er the rattling pebbles, to the sun
 Obvious, with colour'd rays refracted, shine
 Like gems which sparkle on th' exalted crowns
 Of kings barbaric: Others headlong fall
 From a high precipice, whose awful brow,
 Fring'd with a sable wood, nods dreadful o'er
 The deep below, which spreads its wat'ry lap
 To catch the gushing homage, then proceeds
 With richer waves than those Pactolus erst

Pour'd

Pour'd o'er his golden sands ; or yellow Po,
 Ting'd with the tears of aromatic trees.
 Then at a distance, thro' the parted cliffs
 In unconfin'd perspective send thy gaze,
 Disdaining limit, o'er the green expanse
 Of ocean, swelling his cerulean tide,
 Whilst on th' unruffled bosom of the deep
 A halcyon stillness reigns ; the boist'rous winds,
 Hush'd in Æolian caves, are lull'd to rest,
 And leave the placid main without a wave.
 E'en western Zephyrs, like unfrighted doves,
 Skim gently o'er with reverential awe,
 Nor move their silent plumes. At such a time
 Sweet Amphitrite, with her azure train
 Of marine nymphs, emerging from the flood,
 Whilst ev'ry Triton tun'd his vocal shell
 To Hymeneal sounds, from Nereus' court
 Came to espouse the Monarch of the main,
 In nuptial pomp attir'd. — Now change the scene,
 Nor less admire those things, which view'd apart
 Uncouth appear, or horrid ; ridges black
 Of shagg'd rocks, which hang tremendous o'er
 Some barren heath ; the congregated clouds
 Which spread their sable skirts, and wait the wind
 To burst th' embosom'd storm ; a leafless wood,
 A mould'ring ruin, light'ning-blasted fields ;

Nay

Nay e'en the seat where Desolation reigns
 In brownest horror, by familiar thought
 Connected to this universal frame,
 With equal beauty charms the tasteful soul,
 As the gold landscapes of the happy isles
 Crown'd with Hesperian fruit: for Nature form'd
 One plan entire, and made each sep'rate scene
 Co-op'rate with the gen'ral force of all
 In that harmonious contrast. Hence the Fairy
 The Wonderful, the Great, from diff'rent forms
 Owe their superior excellence. The light,
 Not intermingled with opposing shades,
 Had shone unworship'd by the Persian priest
 With undistinguish'd rays.—Yet still the hues
 Of separated objects tinge the sight
 With their own likeness; the responsive soul,
 Cameleon like, a just resemblance bears,
 And faithful, as the silent mirror, shews
 In its true bosom, whether from without
 A blooming paradise smiles round the land,
 Or Stygian darkness blots the realms of day.
 Say, when the smiling face of youthful May
 Invites soft Zephyr to her fragrant lap,
 And Phoebus wantons on the glitt'ring streams,
 Glows not thy blood with unaccustom'd joy,
 And love unfelt before? Methinks the train

Of fair Euphrosyné, heart-easing Smiles,
 Hope, and her brother Love, and young Delight,
 Come to invite me to ambrosial feasts,
 Where Youth administers the sprightly bowl
 Of care-beguiling Mirth; and hark! the sound
 Of sportive Laughter, to the native home
 Of silent Night, with all her meagre crew
 Chaces abhorred Grief. Prepare the songs
 Of mental triumph; let the jocund harp
 In correspondent notes deceive the hours,
 And Merriment with Love shall sport around.

But what perceive we in those dusky groves,
 Where cypress with funereal horror shades
 Some ruin'd tomb; where deadly hemlock chills
 Th' unfruitful glebe, and sweating yews distill
 Immedicable poison? In those plains,
 Black Melancholy dwells with silent Fear,
 And Superstition fierce, the foulest fiend
 That ever sullied light. Here frantic Woe

Tears

Here frantic Woe, &c.] The Ancients, who had always this analogy between natural and moral objects in view, imagin'd every gloomy place like this to be inhabited by such personages. *Creon*, in the *OEdipus* of *Seneca*, after he has describ'd—*procul ab urbe lucus ilicibus niger*, goes on to relate what he saw there by the power of necromancy.

*Horrorque, & una quidquid æternæ orant
 Celantque tenebræ; lucus evallens comam,*

Egrotque

Tears her dishevell'd hair; here pale Disease
 Hangs down her sickly head; and Death, behind,
 With sable curtains of eternal night,
 Closes the ghastly prospect. — From the good
 Far be this horrid group! the foot of Peace
 And Innocence should tread the bless'd retreat
 Of pleasant Tempe, or the flow'ry field
 Of Enna, glowing with unfading bloom,
 Responsive to the moral charms within.
 Those horrid realms let guilty villains haunt,
 Who rob the orphan, or the sacred trust
 Of friendship break; the wretch who never felt
 Stream from his eye the comfortable balm,
 Which social Sorrow mixes with her tears;
 Such suit *their* minds. There let the tyrant howl,
 And Hierarchy, mistress abhorr'd
 Of Pow'r illicit, bound with iron chains
 She made for Liberty and Justice, gnash
 Her foaming teeth, and bite the scourge in vain.
 — Or when the stillness of the grey-ey'd Eve,
 Brok'n only by the beetle's drowsy hum,
 Invites us forth to solitary vales,

Where

*Aegreque lassum sustinens morbus caput,
 Gravis senectus subimet, & pendens motus.*

And to objects of a different nature, we give the moral
 epithets of gay, lively, chearful, &c. because the mind is
 so affected.

Where awful ruins on their mossy roofs
 Denote the flight of Time; the pausing eye
 Slow round the gloomy regions casts its glance,
 Whilst from within the intellectual pow'rs,
 With melancholy pleasure on the brow
 Of thoughtful admiration fix the sign
 Of guiltless transport; not with frantic noise,
 Nor the rude laughter of an idiot's joy;
 But with the smiles that Wisdom, temp'ring oft
 With sweet Content, effuses. Here the mind,
 Lull'd by the sacred silence of the place,
 Dreams with enchanted rapture of the groves
 Of Academus, and the solemn walks,
 As erst frequented by the god-like band
 Of Græcian sages; to the list'ning ear
 SOCRATIC sounds are heard, and PLATO's self
 Seems half emerging from his olive bow'r
 To gather round him all th' Athenian sons
 Of Wisdom. — Hither throng, ye studious youth;
 Here thro' the mental eye enamour'd view
 The charms of Moral Beauty, to the soul
 More grateful, than when Titan's golden beam
 First dawns upon the new-recover'd sight
 Of one long fated to the dreary gloom
 Of darkness. How, to undistemper'd thought,
 Does Virtue in mild majesty appear
 Delightful,

Delightful, when the sympathetic heart
 Feels for another's woe ! Was any scene
 So beauteous, in the wide-extended pomp
 And golden splendor of the Persian camp,
 When all the riches of the East were spread
 Beneath the tyrant's feet ; did aught appear
 So lovely and so great, as when the call
 Of curs'd ambition ceas'd in XERXES' breast,
 And from the social eye Compassion pour'd
 The tender flood of heart-ennobling tears ?

Thus the chief scenes of Nature view'd apart,
 Which with a just similitude affect
 Th' attentive mind, now thro' the tuneful whole
 Let the swift wing of Fancy bears us on
 Beyond the ken of knowledge, where, unseen
 To us inhabitants of this small spot,
 Ten thousand worlds in regions unconfin'd,
 Progressive and obedient to the source
 Of Light eternal, gild the vast expanse :
 Or, should we stop th' aspiring flight to view,
 Led by the hand of Science and of Truth,
 Where in the midst the glorious sun expands

Did aught appear so lovely, &c.] The superiority of Moral Beauty to Natural has been universally allowed by all authors both ancient and modern. And that sentence of Seneca's may be understood figuratively: Nullum ornamentum principis fastigio dignius pulchriusque est, quam illa corona ad cives servatos.
 SENECA. de clem. lib. 1.

His flame, and with perennial beams supplies
 The distant planets as they roll around;
 What HARMONY divine for ever reigns!
 How these in tuneful order thro' the void
 Their diff'rent stations keep, their pow'rs distinct
 Observe, and in each other's friendly sphere
 Their kindest influence blend, till all unite
 To form the plan of the all-ruling Mind,
 And, thro' the whole, celestial bliss diffuse!

Hence let the worse than atheist, the fond fool
 Who falsely doats in Superstition's gloom,
 And blindfold led by easy Faith, denies
 The guide of Reason, obstinately bent
 To seek the cause of universal good,
 And source of Beauty in the Daemon's cave,
 And, shudd'ring, fancies he at distance hears
 The howls of ghosts, created to endure
 Eternal torments. Let this impious wretch
 Look round this fair creation, where, impell'd
 By that great Author, every atom tends
 To UNIVERSAL HARMONY; where Joy,
 As with a parent's fondness, to behold
 Her own soft image in her child impress'd,
 Smiles on the beauteous offspring, and illumines

Re-

*How these in tuneful order, &c.] Vide Sir Isaac Newton,
 Book III. p. 345.*

Responsive signs of pleasure; like the beams
 Of Titan sporting on the lucid waves
 Whence Venus rose of old: Let him then say,
 If Nature meant this goodly frame to cheat
 Deluded mortals? Did an idiot's scheme
 Upraise this wond'rous fabric? Say, was Man
 Forth from the dark abyfs of Chaos call'd
 In vain to breathe coelestial air, in vain
 To view the bloom of Beauty, not to feel
 Th' effect divine soft-thrilling thro' his soul,
 And wak'ning ev'ry pow'r which sleeps within
 To gaze amazement? Did the Lord of all
 Attune our finer organs to the charms
 Of things external, only to ensnare
 This image of himself? To the tuneful breast
 Of virtuous Wisdom, such discordant thoughts
 Are far excluded; other themes employ
 The studious sage's hours; his kindred soul
 Triumphs on Contemplation's eagle wings
 Thro' yon æthereal plains, where distant worlds
 Roll thro' the vast abyfs; there unconfin'd
 Pursues the fiery tract where comets glow;
 Or in the sable bosom of the night,
 Sweeps headlong to o'ertake the rapid flight
 Of exhalations, from ideal stars
 Shot wildly down; nor 'dains he to behold

In

In Nature's humbler walks the sweet recess,
 Where Beauty on the splendid Rose exults
 As conscious of her form, or mildly veils
 Her maiden blushes in the chaster Pink,
 Or on the margin of the crystal brook
 In soft Narcissus blows. For him the choir
 Of feather'd songsters breathe their vernal airs;
 For him the stillness of th' autumnal grove
 In pleasing sadness reigns; for him the sheaf
 Of Ceres spreads its yellow pride; the horn
 Of ripe Pomona pours its off'rings forth;
 Winter presents his free domestic bowl
 Of social joy; and Spring's Elysian bloom,
 Whilst Flora wantons in her Zephyr's arms
 Invites the Graces forth to join the Hours
 In festive dance. His tasteful mind enjoys
 Alike the complicated charms, which glow
 Thro' the wide landscape, where enamell'd meads,
 Unfruitful rocks, brown woods, and glitt'ring streams,
 The daisy-laughing lawns, the verdant plains,
 And hanging mountains, strike at once the sight,
 With varied pleasure; as th' abstracted ray,
 Which soft effuses from EUDOCIA's eye
 The opening dawn of love. He looks thro' all
 The plan of nature with congenial love,
 Where the great social link of mutual aid
 Through

Through ev'ry being twines ; where all conspire
 To form one system of eternal good,
 Of Harmony and Bliss, in forms distinct,
 Of natures various, as th' effulgent sun,
 Which pours abroad the mighty flood of day,
 To the pale glow-worm in the midnight shade.

From these sweet meditations on the charms
 Of things external ; on the genuine forms
 Which blossom in creation ; on the scene
 Where mimic Art with emulative hue
 Usurps the throne of Nature unprov'd ;
 Or the just concord of mellifluous sounds ;
 The soul, and all the intellectual train
 Of fond Desires, gay Hopes, or threat'ning Fears,
 Through this habitual intercourse of sense
 Is harmoniz'd within, till all is fair
 And perfect ; till each moral pow'r perceives
 Its own resemblance, with fraternal joy,
 In ev'ry form compleat, and smiling feels
 Beauty and Good the same. Thus the first man
 Fresh from creation rising, in the flood

A god-

Beauty and Good the same.] See Plato's dialogues, Xenophon's Memorabilia, &c. whom the ingenious author of the Traité du Beau follows. Si la félicité des hommes est nécessairement liée avec la pratique de la vertu, il faut reconnoître que la vertu est essentiellement belle, puis que le beau consiste dans le rapport des choses avec notre destination.

A godlike image saw ; with fixt amaze
 He gaz'd ; th' attentive figure from below
 Gaz'd with responsive wonder : did he smile ?
 The shad'wy features dimpled in the waves
 Not less delighted ; till at length he found
 From his own form th' external object flow'd,
 And mov'd to his its correspondent charms.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



A
FATHER'S ADVICE
TO
H I S S O N:
AN
E L E G Y.

In Imitation of the old Song
to WINIFREDA.

Written in the Year 1758.

——— *aspice vultus*
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
Inserere, et patrias intus dependere curas.

OVID. METAM.

FATHERS AND SONS

HIS

ELDER

In imitation of the old song
to W. H. W. H. W. H.

Written in the year 1778.

OTIS. WILLIAM



• A

FATHER'S ADVICE

TO

H I S S O N.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
 Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
 Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
 Save some afflicted muse's moan,

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending
 Sate sorrowing at the close of day,
 At whose fond side a boy attending
 Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
 But on the smiling prattler hung,
 Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
 These accents trembled from his tongue.

“ My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
 “ My prattling Innocent attend,
 “ Nor fear rebuke or sour displeasure,
 “ A father's loveliest name is friend.

“ Some truths, from long experience flowing,
 “ Worth more than royal grants receive,
 “ For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,
 “ Which kings have seldom power to give.

“ Since from an ancient race descended
 “ You boast an unattainted blood,
 “ By yours be their fair fame-attended,
 “ And claim by birth-right to be good.

“ In love for ev'ry fellow-creature
 “ Superior rise above the crowd,
 “ What most ennobles human nature
 “ Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

“ Be

“ Be thine the gen’rous heart that borrows
 “ From others’ joys a friendly glow,
 “ And for each hapless neighbour’s sorrows
 “ Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

“ This is the temper most endearing;
 “ Tho’ wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
 “ An heav’nlier pow’r good-nature bearing
 “ Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

“ Taste not from fame’s uncertain fountain
 “ The peace-destroying streams that flow,
 “ Nor from ambition’s dang’rous mountain
 “ Look down upon the world below.

“ The princely pine on hills exalted,
 “ Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
 “ By winds, long brav’d, at last assaulted,
 “ Is headlong whirl’d in dust to lie;

“ Whilst the mild rose more safely growing
 “ Low in its unaspiring vale,
 “ Amidst retirement’s shelter blowing
 “ Exchanges sweets with ev’ry gale.

" With not for beauty's darling features
 " Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r,
 " For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
 " Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
 " At noon, a gay narcissus blow
 " Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
 " Bloom'd in the silver waves below ;

" By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,
 " The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd,
 " At eve its glories all were blasted,
 " And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
 " Lead you from wisdom's path astray ;
 " What genius lives renown'd in story
 " To happiness who found the way ?

" In yonder mead behold that vapor
 " Whose vivid beams illusive play,
 " Far off it seems a friendly taper
 " To guide the traveller on his way ;

" But

" But should some hapless wretch pursuing
 " Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
 " He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,
 " That fatal quicksands lurk below.

" In life such bubbles nought admiring
 " Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,
 " Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
 " To peace in virtue's cot repair ;

" There seek the never-wasted treasure,
 " Which mutual love and friendship give,
 " Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
 " And bless'd and blessing you will live.

" If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
 " As mine its bounty does with you,
 " In fondness fatherly excelling
 " Th' example you have felt pursue."

He paus'd—for tenderly caressing
 The darling of his wounded heart,
 Looks had means only of expressing
 Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading
 Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
 And dank dews from her tresses shedding
 With genial moisture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying
 'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,
 His face, array'd in smiles, denying
 The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying
 Each character, in youth and age,
 Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
 That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)
 He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
 And felt each secret wish inclining
 To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated
 Obediently he bow'd his soul,
 For, what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
 He thought Heav'n only should controul.

THE
T O M B
OF
SHAKESPEAR.
A
V I S I O N.

T O M B

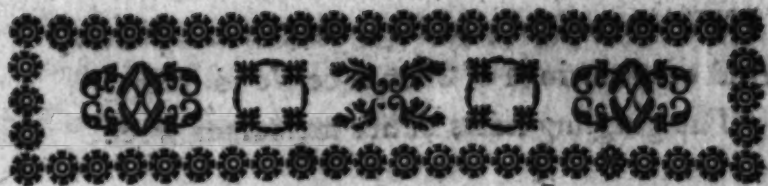
OF

SHAKESPEARE

A

V I S I O N

22



THE
T O M B
O F
SHAKESPEAR.

WHAT time the jocund rosie-bosom'd Hours
Led forth the train of PHOEBUS and the SPRING,
And ZEPHYR mild profusely scatter'd flowers
On Earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The MORN unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
Westward the raven-pinion'd Darkness flew,
The landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the fullen Ghosts withdrew:

The

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
 With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,
 And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float
 The gurgling notes of her melodious woe :

The God of sleep mysterious visions led
 In gay procession 'fore the mental eye,
 And my free'd soul awhile her mansion fled,
 To try her plumes for immortality.

Thro' fields of air, methought I took my flight,
 Thro' ev'ry clime o'er ev'ry region pass'd,
 No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,
 HESPERIAN garden, or CIMMERIAN waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear
 To wind with eddies fond round Shakespear's tomb,
 The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
 And v'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here FANCY sat, (her dewy fingers cold
 Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unsullied sod,)
 And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
 Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

Ah ! what avails, she cry'd, a Poet's name ?

Ah ! what avails th' immortalizing breath
To snatch from dumb Oblivion others' fame ?
My darling child here lies a prey to Death !

Let gentle OTWAY, white-rob'd PRY's priest,
From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,
Or SOUTHERN captivate th' impassion'd breast
With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

For not to these *his* genius was confin'd,
NATURE and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
Poetic transports of the madding mind,
And the wing'd words that waft the soul to heaven.

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
Piercing all objects of creation's store,
Which on this world's extended surface lie,
And plastic thought that still created more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,
Grant me, great Goddess of the changeful eye,
To view each being in poetic pride,
To whom thy son gave immortality.

Sweet FANCY smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
 When strait these visions felt her pow'rful arm,
 And one by one succeeded at her nod,
 As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form * (of azure hue
 Whose mantle, bound with brede ætherial, flow'd
 To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
 Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
 Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
 With fenny vapors he obscur'd the day,
 Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

He whirl'd the tempest thro' the howling air,
 Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,
 And rais'd a roaring elemental war
 Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then like heav'n's mild embassador of love
 To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,
 Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
 And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

* *Ariel in the Tempest.*

Unlike

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien
 Another form * succeeded to my view ;
 A two-legg'd brute which nature made in spleen,
 Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce cou'd he syllable the curse he thought,
 Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
 A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
 The mongrel offspring of a Witch and Devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
 The flow'ry margin † of a silent stream,
 O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
 And gilt by silver CYNTHIA's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,
 A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
 And ey'd their gambols in the watry glafs,
 That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Thro' these the queen TITANIA pass'd ador'd,
 Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
 Journeying to see great OBERON her lord
 Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

* Caliban in the Tempest.

† Fairy-land from the Misummer-night's dream.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
 A stouter warrior never took the field,
 His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
 The sharded beetle's scale his fable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,
 Each little helmet sparkling like a star,
 And their sharp spears a pierceless phalanx rear'd,
 A grove of thistles, glittering in the air.

The scene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
 To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
 Where three swart sisters * of the *weird* band
 Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
 Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,
 And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
 Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn
 Of a drear island, where the pendent brow
 Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
 Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which rag'd below.

* *The Witches in Macbeth.*

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
 Where smiling COMFORT never shew'd her face,
 Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
 Discov'ring all the terrors of the place;

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
 Whilst ghastly goblins glided slowly by,
 The scritch-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
 And ravens croak'd their horrid augury.

No human footstep hear'd the dread abode,
 Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
 Save where the reptile snake, or fullen toad,
 The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
 Each weird sister vanish'd into smoke.
 Now a dire yell of spirits * underground
 Thro' troubled earth's wide yawning surface broke;

When lo! each injur'd apparition rose;
 Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed;
 Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
 And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

* Ghosts in *Macbeth*, *Richard III.* &c.

More had I seen—but now the God of day
 O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had spread,
 When MORPHEUS call'd his fickle train away,
 And on *their* wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear *Enchantress* of the brain
 My wakeful eyes with wishful wand' rings fought,
 Whose magic will controuls th' ideal train,
 The ever-restless progeny of THOUGHT.

Sweet Pow'r, said I, for others gild the ray
 Of Wealth, or Honor's folly-feather'd crown,
 Or lead the madding multitude astray
 To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,
 Free from the *noble* mob's ambitious strife,
 Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,
 In calm Contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
 Thro' Error's maze my devious footsteps lead,
 Let them be frailties of humanity,
 And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let not my reason impiously require

What heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow span,
But teach me to subdue each fierce desire,
Which wars within this little empire, man.

Teach me, what all believe, but few possess,
That life's best science is ourselves to know,
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.

And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame.

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THE END.